

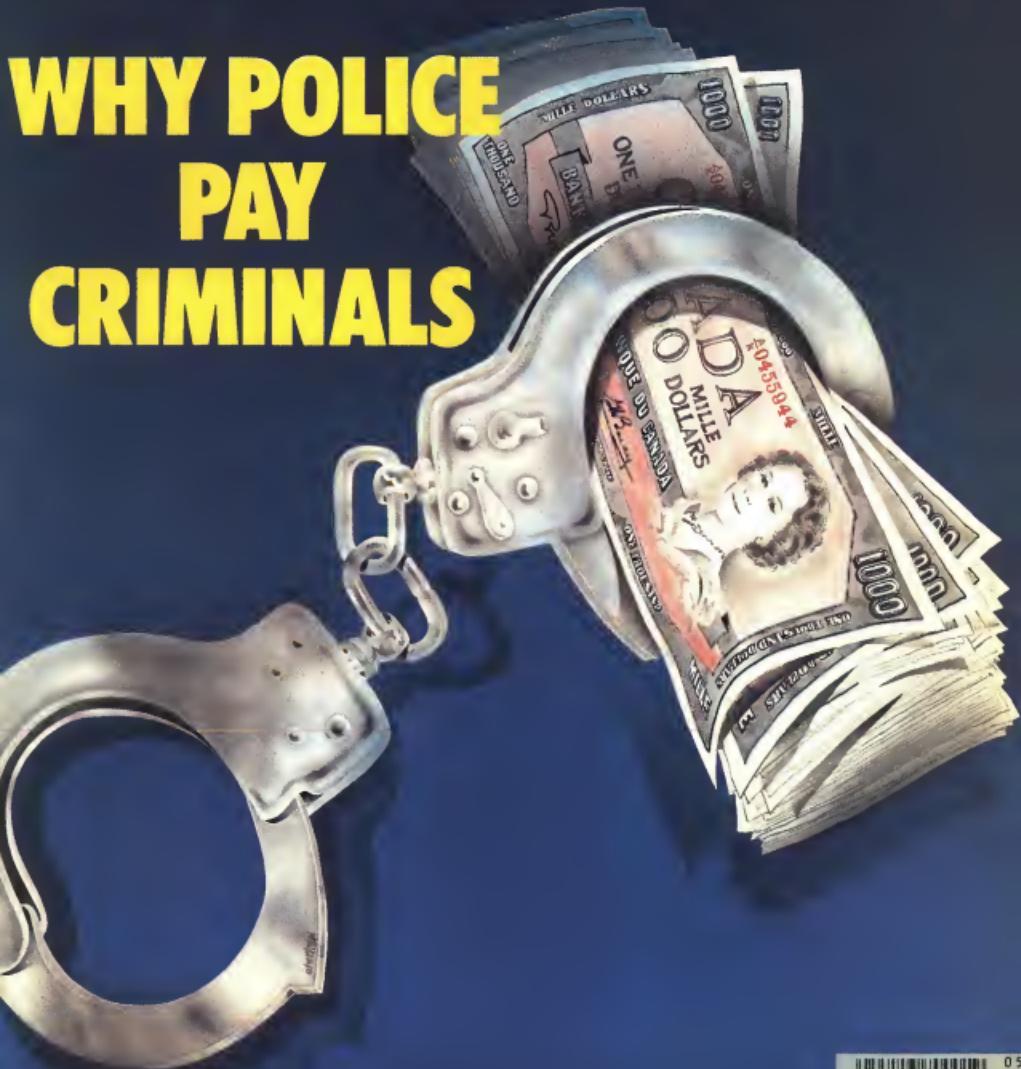
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

FEBRUARY 1, 1982

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## WHY POLICE PAY CRIMINALS



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COVER STORY

**Why police pay criminals**  
The saga of Clifford Olson's agony and the blood money police paid to find out where he had hidden the bodies of his 21 known victims took on a more ominous tone last week. California pondered the whole question of twilight justice and cried out for satisfactory answers about how often police pay for information, how liberally they do so—and whether they should do it at all. —Page 22

**Toward a common front**  
A rich variety of northerners met last week to discuss the future of their land. —Peter D.

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#### Play it again, India

There was a sense of déjà vu in the mass arrests of strike leaders in India. — Page 33



### **Northern lights probe**

An ambitious study of the aurora borealis promises insights into Earth's magnetism. — **Page 52**



It's better in ... Canada

It's so tough to be a feminist in the U.S. that Gloria Steinem is looking to Trudeau. — Page 28



## CBC's changes

It surprises me to see that the heavily solicited CBC needed only two weeks ago to change the viewing times for the news and to come up with a Canadian ripoff of ABC's *Nightline* (Cover, Jan. 18). As for *The Journal*, poor Mr. Flinley is annoyed little more than the announcement of commercial break. Barbara Frum shows a lot of political fervor and has a nasty habit of constantly interrupting guests and allowing two people to speak at the same time. Is this the productive Frum thinks "Canadian news deserved all along"? I don't think I can take a second week!

—BOB MARSHALL  
Vancouver

## The facts about the great one

As long as Melchers deserves a demoted three paragraphs to Wayne Gretzky's record-breaking 90 goals in 29 games (Sports, Jan. 13), you could at least keep all of the facts correct. It was early last April when Gretzky set the new records of 984 points and 389 assists, and he had already been 20 years old for nearly four months, not 18, as you stated.

—C. WALTERS  
Ottawa

## Blood money and the mass media

I am appalled at the self-righteous hypocrisy exhibited by the media regarding the payment of money to the family of mass murderer Clifford Olson in B.C. (Canada Jan. 28). Newspaper,



A Canadian ripoff with a vengeance

magazine TV and radio people have been doing the same thing for years—hypocritically, of course, as fabulously high-profile, career-crucial stories of murderers, thieves and robbers. If it can't be proven that people are, or have been, committing crimes in the hope or expectation of a payoff, then all payoffs should be made illegal.

—BRIAN COOK  
Burlington, Ont.

## Trivia and Inquisition

Your description of Allan Gottlieb (Profile, Dec. 21) the new incumbent of Canada's top diplomatic job abroad, was both silly and misleading. Silly, because instead of evaluating for your readers, Gottlieb's accomplishments—not a word about what he achieved at the communications, employment and immigration or external affairs departments—we were treated to fulsome pro-

pag about such trivia as his taste in horse farming and the color of his suit. Misleading, because your writer manages to misstate that his appointment, which follows a well-grounded Canadian tradition of selecting former ministers of state for external affairs as particularly equipped to represent Canada in the United States, is something less than a happy one.

—P.M. TAIT  
Ambassador, Canadian  
Mission to the European Communities,  
Brussels

## Missing the mark

Nat Boyd's Taking a Well-aimed Potshot (Politics, Jan. 18) is, instead, well off target. He suggests that relaxing the drug laws will not increase marijuana use. Of course it will. Ask any police officer in Ontario, for example, what happened when the drinking age was lowered from 21 years to 18 years. The only reasonable thing that Mr. Boyd said was that he would encourage students to use the stuff. I would like a few presents will be referred to hear that.

—JOHN THOMAS  
Dundas, Ont.

An estimated \$60 million to \$90 million of the Canadian taxpayer's money being spent for the prosecution of marijuana offenders is ludicrous. Although I neither condone the use nor the legalization of cannabis, I do believe the time is ripe for the Ottawa bureaucrats to re-evaluate the Le Dain commission's recommendations. To impose incarceration on users of cannabis is both misleading and an infringement on the human rights of the individual.

—BRIAN TAYLOR  
St. Catharines, Ont.

## PASSAGES



**CONVICTED** Celebrated prison author Jack Henry Abbott, 36, of his daughter in the July, 1981, stabbing death of New York city water Richard Adams. The 12-member jury rejected a prosecution plea that Abbott be found guilty of murder in the second which took place only six weeks after Abbott's mentor, Pulitzer Prize-winning author Norman Mailer, helped to secure his release from prison. Sentencing is set for Feb. 24 after a court-ordered psychiatric examination.

**DECEASED** Gen. Seán Ó Siadhail, 66, first deputy chief of the British SAS security force, in Moscow after a long illness. From 1958, the beginning of his security career, Ó Siadhail remained a staunch supporter of conservative forces in the Soviet Communist party. He was

instrumental in the 1970s clampdown on dissidents such as Nobel Peace Prize winner Andrei Sakharov.

**DECEASED** Wighred Taylor, 36, wife of a charwoman and noted thoroughbred breeder E.P. Taylor, at the couple's Taunton home. Married since 1977, Mrs. Taylor once raced her own horses but retired to the sidelines as a presenter after her husband's horse beat her in the 1987 Queen's Plate.

**DECEASED** Eduardo Frei, 71, former Chilean president (1964 to 1970), in a Santiago, Chile, hospital following operations for a liver ailment. A staunch anti-Communist member of the Christian Democracy Party, Frei was ousted by his socialist successor, Salvador Allende and in the past two years he headed the opposition against Augusto Pinochet's authoritarian regime.

**DECEASED** Popular Toronto Maple Leaf hockey team captain Darryl Sittler, 31, as the Philadelphia Flyers, following a well-publicized prolonged absence with team owner Donald Ballard. Sittler, who has been with the Leafs since his rookie season 22 years ago, was the team's all-time leading scorer. Flyers owner Ed Snider described him last week as a "wagster who can help us win the Stanley Cup."

**DECEASED** Michel Roy, 50, from his position as editor-in-chief of Montreal's influential French-language newspaper *Le Devoir*, to assume the editorial page editorship of its rival, *Le Presse*. Roy, who is considered to be one of Quebec's leading editorial writers, has been in charge of all editorial operations at *Le Devoir* for the last 10 of his 25 years at the paper.

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gency rule, was lifted in early 1973— even when the country was still under martial rule. —HONORÉT CHAMANÉ, General of the Philippines, Toronto

In your cover story, the article *The Myth of the Philippines* describes Dr. G. Everett Kaup's two-day presentation, Whatever Happened to the Human Race, as an milestones in contemporary. One would wonder if your writer has ever read Dr. Kaup's book of the same title. Does he believe that more than 10 million abortions in the U.S. since 1972 and more than half a million in Canada since 1969 have benefited the human race? Does he expect that the ever-increasing proportion of the population worldwide will be improved by a small percentage of taxpayers some 20 years later? If this kind of life is not started, euthanasia is not as unthinkable as legal abortion was.

—KATHLEEN McNAUL  
Oro-Shores, Ont.

As a Christian, some of the assumptions underlying your cover story on "refined" religious belief, but did not surprise me. You say, "When religion and politics mix, it is a religion that loses its credibility." If this is true, why have thrown out the entire BIBLE? Is it a wise interpretation and politics are separated? A widespread misinterpretation of scripture results in a "doublet" separating the "secular" from the "spiritual," but basically there is no such distinction. When something is radically wrong with the society with which it is in touch, then a faithful follower of the "secular" Jesus was not killed for enlisting people to an uncomfortable place.

—RAYMOND RAY  
Dartmouth, N.S.

No comfortable news for the faithful

### Setting the record straight

The cover story God's New Warriors (Jan. 4) contained distorted and erroneous information about our country, especially when it said, "In the Philippines today, all media is censored under martial law." To set the record straight, martial law was officially terminated by President Ferdinand Marcos on Jan. 17, 1981. Press censorship, imposed for a brief period at the start of the emer-

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### Credit where it is due

I would have enjoyed your article on Toronto's new Massey Hall and its technical wonders (Refining an Architecture of Thinking Park, Technology, Jan. 4) even more had you not omitted in mention the name of the great lady whose work was instrumental in the creation of the unique "acoustic chandelier." Mireille Rousseau-Vernette is one of Canada's most respected fine arts scholars devoted to helping architect Arthur Erickson and acoustician Theodore J. Schadt plan and execute the technically adquate acoustical hangars.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR  
Toronto

### Tensions in the subcontinent

Peter Neumann's article on the building of a nuclear warhead in India and Pakistan, *The Devolving Clouds of War* (World, Dec. 14), gives an accurate impression of the relations between the two countries. India is a peaceful country, yet because it is fashionable to talk of peace, but because peace is the very life of India's makers. Since Pakistan's independence in 1947, the U.S. has reportedly equipped it with the latest military weaponry, which Pakistan has used for the sole purpose of launching new military advances against India. Pakistan continues to illegally occupy nearly half of the Indian state of Jammu and Kashmir and has released repeated "United Nations" supervised ceasefire. Moreover, Pakistan continues to be ruled by a handful of self-appointed military brass whose main plank for survival is to sustain its home at the behest of its foreign master India.

—YASIR KHAN

Dartmouth, N.S.

### Back to the history books

I read Barbara Amiel's column in order to be amazed by her right-wing knee-jerk part as I am diverted by left-wing sympathies. But her most recent lamentation (Stop Flattening the Guy With the Broad, Jan. 4) is not at all amazing; it is *biased*—and insulting—political pamphleteering.

If Amiel can "find no good reason for Canadian nationalism or our separate identity from the United States," then she should read more Canadian history. In fact, generally she should read a lot more and write a lot less.

—LARRY BLACK  
Ottawa

Letters are edited and may be condensed.  
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# Housewives are people too!

By Sandra Gottsch

oyal wives, whether they are married to politicians, diplomats or oil miners, have become the bane of our society. The women's movement and glossy fashion magazines assume legal ways of living clearly and of not conforming to the "correct" image of the new "Dream Woman." Yet Dream Woman is no more than an invention of the advertising types of Madison Avenue, pandering to the fantasies of male feminists. What's wrong with cleaning your husband's bath tub? "Good manners" were defined as a matter of habit. Or of scheming and plotting to help your husband's career? Loving political wives have no qualms about it. In contrast, that repellent creature, the Virgin Queen, "had become a long wif, baby" woman, has abandoned her soap sponges and brush-bunch husband, and is now the president of a nursing and consulting company. She might clean the bath tubs of her real career lover as an erratic exercise, one, but she knows that sexual infidelity would utterly vanish if removing his coal grille were to become her daily chore. At one time she might have been called selfish, but not today.

Women who appear to subordinate their personal fulfillment because they have no careers are made to feel half-human by the propagandas of the women's liberation movement and the media. Yet the support and stability they offer their families cannot be understated. A friend of mine, whose husband is one of the most useful men in his field, is stumped at the inevitable co-dependency question: "And what do you do?" "I'm as and we're with," she responds, her companion quickly turns away.

"If I were to say that I'm a housewife," she continues, "I'd be ostracized by the media because that's antithesis for her husband and like pretty much. Ironically, though, we never envision a well-dressed career woman who deliberately sacrifices her own ambitions. Pushy wives and mothers are cast as bitter working women in Page-Dunaway-type chick-flicks are in the



yet this was never a contentious issue in our marriage. After my youngest child was at school full time, I found that I had time to take up writing. But I always planned my work around my husband's shift as a civil engineer, so the main negotiation at my desk was the duration of my writing endeavor in our free time—the fact that marriage was still a concern.

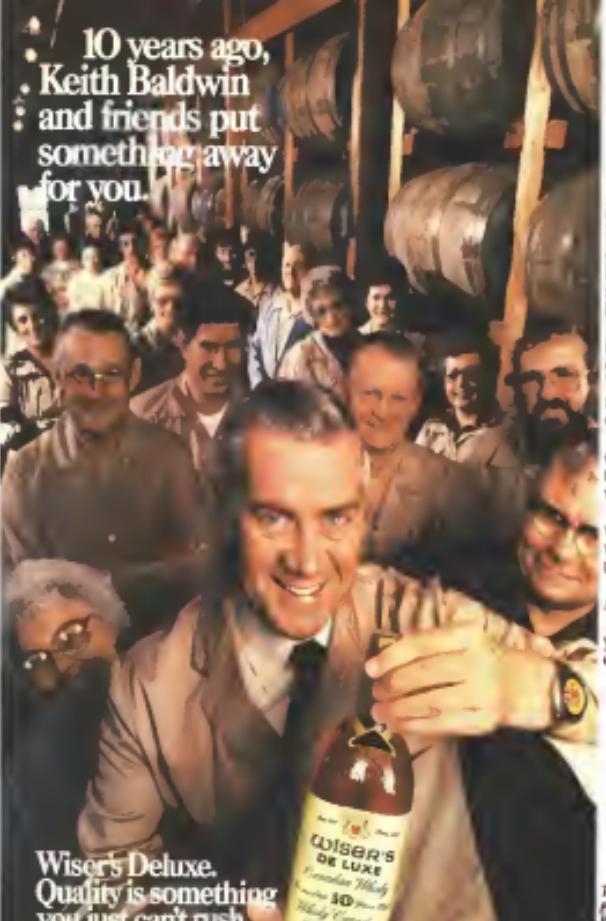
During these years I discovered that careers whose sense of self value did not feel threatened because the husband continues to be a natural provider. She has time to give to her family, their friends, and they can take on a multitude of worthwhile volunteer activities. I can't help but feel that if every woman had a full-time paying job, both women as individuals and society in general would be strengthened. Whether it be helping in the hospital, raising money for the arts or scientific research, or even reading a book or giving a talk—she can contribute to a civilized society.

As Barbara Gittings, Harriet wrote in the October issue of *Ms.* magazine, "If the rest work of the world is that which extends into the future, that which is an epiphany, and that which sustains life, we are talking about poetry, and bread and babies. Caring for a family is not ephemeral, but lasting work. Women who deliberately stay at home for reasons of the heart are certainly as liberated as the gossips and shakers. It's time they stopped feeling debased by the media or the ideologues of the women's movement."

Sandra Gottsch is an author and the wife of Canada's most controversial televangelist, Jim Bakker.



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# "They say oil is found in the minds of men – and Gulf Canada believes it."

Keith Caldwell,  
Vice-President, Exploration, Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

Over the past two decades Gulf Canada, and other members of the industry, spent billions of dollars on exploration programs that only recently resulted in significant discoveries in the Beaufort Sea, the Arctic Islands and off the coast of Newfoundland. But when we first started risking the money, the possibility of oil in these areas existed only in the minds of our earth scientists.

Searching for and discovering oil is an act of faith supported by knowledge, instinct, money and a little bit of luck. The more people we have providing the faith, knowledge and instinct – not to mention money – the sooner Canada can reach oil self-sufficiency.

There are complex techniques for locating the underground structures that might contain oil. But somebody has to dare to test a theory where to apply these techniques in the first place.

One way of looking beneath the earth's surface is to take seismic readings. To do that geophysicists detonate explosive charges and record the sound waves that bounce back. Using sensitive instruments and computers they draw a kind of "seay" of structures which are thousands of feet below the earth's surface. When they see a promising structure, the drillers go to work. But even with the complex techniques used, the risk is so



Keith Caldwell, Vice-President, Exploration, Gulf Canada Resources Inc., was born and raised in Galt, Alberta, Manitoba. He graduated from University of Manitoba with M.Sc. in Geology. Among his passions: fishing, cycling and playing the alto sax.

great that, more often than not, we find that the structure which looked promising contains no oil.

## Huge risks

On land it costs a million dollars or more to drill 10,000 feet down. To drill a single hole at sea, in Hibernia off the Newfoundland coast, for instance, costs about \$40 million. Before they finally struck oil, Gulf and other explorers spent almost a billion dollars drilling in the sea bed off Canada's east coast. These vast sums of money were risked on the best proposals of people experienced in the science of discovering oil.



How were oil-bearing rocks created in the bitterly cold wastelands of northern Canada? Scientists believe that the continents have slowly drifted so that some 400 million years ago the Arctic islands actually lay closer to the equator. Sometime in the past, sediments settled to the bottom of the sea to be transformed by heat and pressure into the black ooze that is crude oil. It takes experience and a touch of intuition for Gulf scientists to deduce where it lies ready.

The cost of drilling and exploring is gigantic. But the bulk of that money is spent in Canada to pay Canadian salaries, to buy manufactured equipment, pumping money into the Canadian economy.

## When we import oil we export money

Gulf believes it is essential for Canada to invest in exploring for and developing new sources of oil in Canada to help the country reach oil self-sufficiency as quickly as possible.

For many years yet, Canada will have to buy imported oil. This takes money away from all Canadians – almost one million dollars an hour this year – and ships it out of the country forever.

The more companies who work at exploring for and developing new supplies of Canadian oil, the sooner Canada can reach oil self-sufficiency. We'll need encour-

agement for many more successful teams of scientists and experts, like Gulf's, to seek and find new oil in vast unexplored areas, even in places where it yet exists only as an idea in men's minds. We'll need massive capital investment from many sources to reach self-sufficiency.

## Experienced team of Canadian experts

The Canadian team that has made Gulf Canada so successful in exploration and development is no accident. Gulf chooses its people carefully for ability, ambition and drive. Over the years they work together, share experience, bounce ideas off one another, get better at their jobs. They are involved, motivated people, pleased to be playing a key role in helping their country.

At Gulf Canada, the top decision makers, the scientists, the oil explorers – the people who refine

and market Gulf products, are Canadians whose interests lie in the future of Canada.



Gulf geologist, Brian Bking studies a seismic profile – a sort of "x-ray" of the layers of rock beneath the surface. Gulf's team of experts use information like this to help decide where to drill.



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## Seeking a treasure of silver and gold

By Andy Turnbull

Not long ago, the Cariboo Mountains in the British Columbia interior belonged largely to the beavers and the squirrels, interrupted only by an occasional logger or lone prospector. For the past 12 years, however, a patch of the rugged backland has been overrun with people clutching bits of paper gazing intently into riddle dice and whispering to each other about winged serpents and Indian cave drawings. Some can be found along the cut line, eyes to the ground in the sombre sea, as they count out 1938 railway ties. Others wait by the edge of a lake after dark, hoping to see the pattern of a cormorant on the water by moonlight. "We see two and more, and they're creeping through at night that's why we think it's safe because they've been scared out, and people walking and riding motorcycles. It's like Grand Central Station with all the people out there," says one Kamloops resident.

These are the treasure seekers, trudging over tree stumps and wading through mud pools in search of a hoard of antique silver coins, worth more than \$30,000 (which are "hidden yet to be seen," according to one particularly bullet-proof chisel and face smaller coins) buried somewhere in the bush. It's known as the Kamloops Centennial Treasure, one man's quest for the 100th birthday of the British Columbia provincial government in 1971. A wealthy prospector hid his coin collection—152 kg of coins dated from 1858 to 1971—somewhere near the North Thompson River about 306 km north of Kamloops and left it there for anyone to find. Three clues to the location were published in *The Kamloops News* when the hunt began, and three more clues have been released each year since. The latest clue,



Party of treasure seekers, Lower Murtle Lake (below) is thought to be close to the main treasure

highway is buried 100 silver quarters (1938). Links between first and second crossings and Wolfenden, Holden quarry close to water.

The fact that no one, out of the thousands who have trudged through the area, has turned up so much as a penny of buried treasure might lead one to suspect that the whole thing is an elaborate hoax. And yet Mel Rothberger, editor of *The Kamloops News*, says, "We sure the treasure hunt is for real." *The Kamloops News* ran a photo of the coins, taken just before they were hidden, by Neil MacDonald, then a staff photographer and one of the few who actually knew the name of the donor. Other members of *The Kamloops News* staff are still in the dark. "All I know about it," says Rothberger, "is that someone dug an inheritance trench in the lot some night in January. I don't know the name of the person, but I do know who it is. I never had any direct contact with our Good Samaritan, and I don't know who he is."

One man who does know is an anonymous Kamloops resident who supposedly helped the donor hide the coins. Now acting as "curator" for the donor, he checks the treasure twice a year to see if it has been found, and delivers the coins to the newspaper. Like the donor, the custodian wishes to remain anonymous. ("Otherwise we'd never get any peace"), but he will talk to a reporter, promised his name is not used. Some suspect that he and the donor are in fact the same person, but even if he is, the custodian insists that two men planned it from the start.

"Everybody was talking about the [B.C.] centennial back in 1971," he says, "and this man wanted to do something special. We were chin-wagging over a beer one day, and he mentioned that he was getting tired of his coin collection—so I said, 'Why don't you bury it?'"

"That was a joke at

the beginning of this month, are between asphalt highway and river is placed an aluminum disc showing compass bearing and distance to main treasure. Look for tree stumps.

- By tunnel, on placed axe is there, is shown compass bearing and exact distance to main treasure.
- Eight paces from centre of all



the start.

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first, but a couple of days later he called me to his house and he wanted to talk about it. He said if we buried it in a place where not too many people go, it would open the area up. And he figured it would also get the tourists out to do a lot of walking and see some of the country they live in. Most people in Kanskoop these days never get out of the woods."

All that has changed. Baby Boomer whites like the Eleanor Lake Campers at Blue River, about 12 miles north of the treasure area, encounter hundreds of treasure hunters every year.

"It's surreal," she says. "We had two couples who came up from Kanskoop with six kids in early spring—while there was still 50 feet of snow on the ground—and they spent 10 days at there as snowshoes. They were in there down to their shorts, every day. And then they were back in the summer for another two weeks." She adds that such perseverance will bring rewards. "You know who's going to find that treasure?" It's going to be someone just out for a stroll who doesn't know anything about it. It's going to be somebody who comes in and says, 'I don't even know what it is.' Like nearby residents, Sinclair says she has never spent time looking for the buried.

According to Philip Bain, owner of the Avenida Metal, where a copy of the claim is posted in the lobby, "Most of the guys around here are loggers. They spend all day sweating in the bush, and the last thing they want to do is go back into the bush on a weekend."

Kanskoop businessman Harry Muul, on the other hand, keeps for the weekend every opportunity. He has won himself a part-time prospector in his search for the treasure and has filed some claims in the area. And from the man who buried it, he claims to be "the greatest expert" on that dog-eared treasure today." When Muul first saw the claim eight years ago, he thought it would be a cakewalk to find the coins. "It looked so easy. I just couldn't believe that no one had found them. But then I drove up there and I stayed at a lookout and all I could see was trees. There was no debris. I couldn't even see the



Photo of coins taken before they were hidden, sitting over a bear

winter of them has to ask, 'What treasure?'"

Some believe that the treasure can no longer be found. Suzi Stoos and her husband, Bill Merritt, who lectures in psychology at Carleton College, have been searching since they came to Kanskoop 20 years ago. "Now we know exactly where the treasure is. It's in a lake, and the level of the lake has risen drastically since 1970. The whole area has flooded by a beaver dam."

The treasure is not lost, says the custodian, who last May narrowed the

search area to roughly 24 square miles by issuing a special "xerodome" claim, which limited it to a 12-kilometer stretch of ancient truck starting about five kilometers north of Avenida. Earlier this year, the two men who filed the original claim filed a new one. The special claim was necessary because important landmarks mentioned in earlier claim have been removed, even by other treasure seekers. A logging claim wrapped around a tree in gone, a claim has been cleared off a rock face, and a military hut badge has been removed from a tree. A paved blue rock, "eight feet high and fifteen feet long," has been broken by a landslide started by dynamite. A picture of a swaged serpent carved on the rock was the main clue to the location of 20 gold sovereigns, one of the four smaller treasures. Without it, experienced treasure hunters say, there is little hope of finding the sovereigns—worth between \$800 and \$1000 each—which had until now been marked only by a small railway tie that had hammered into a tree trunk.

The first, smaller cache, which include the sovereigns, 314 Victorian pennies, \$1 50-cent coins and 100 silver quarters, are all buried separately from the main treasure. According to the custodian, the claimant expects the original treasure to be found within a few years, and he buried the other treasures to continue the hunt.

Where will it all end? According to the agreement between the claimant and the custodian, the custodian can claim all the treasure buried after Jan. 1, 1984, but he

says he doesn't plan to

When the hunt is over, he says he will probably take the sovereigns but leave the silver coins for whoever finds them.

The man who filed it, the hunt has been worth its weight in coins, says the custodian. "It's gratifying to see families getting off their butts." But he admits that he has deliberately made discovery impossible in order to prolong the amusement indefinitely. "I really do want someone to find that treasure—but I don't want to lead them to it myself. Outside of putting a moon sign on it, I don't think I can do any more."

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## The erosion of history

**Y**ork Factory, 200 km southeast of Churchill, Man., is Canada's most important archaeological site. The York Bay Co. depot traded with natives until 1917. Initially abandoned to the elements and to vandals who carved off hundreds of artifacts, the federal

government took over the site in 1968 following complaints by U.S. historians that Parks Canada has done little to alter the history of neglect. A custodian, Doug MacLachlan, was appointed in 1988 to run for the site, but he was fired three years ago in a cost-cutting move. (After 2½ years of legal battles, Mac-

Lachlan was reinstated from last November till late May.) The depot is deteriorating, and the site is losing almost a metre a year to riverbank erosion (in '88 years the 140-year-old depot is likely to fall into the river).

A confidential report prepared by Arthur Ray, a University of B.C. historian for Parks Canada and sent to the minister of Indian and northern affairs in 1979, blasts Parks Canada for "neglect, mismanagement and shortsightedness" in its handling of the site. The report, obtained by MacLachlan, concludes that "the whole manner in which upper management officials have dealt with the archaeological resources of the park, fails to question their ability to manage the country's heritage resources."

When a \$300,000 salvage archaeology project runs out of money this summer, only two per cent of the site will have been excavated. In three years of digging—using half a dozen students for two months each summer—more than 180,000 artifacts have been catalogued, including staves, medicine bottles, weapons, tools and crockery. Thousands more have been washed into the river by erosion, and site archaeologists say that if 100 people should be excavating to preserve artifacts and map out a historical plan of York Factory before it is too late. It appears likely, however, that the site will be inundated after this summer. Douglas Harper, director of the prairie region of Parks Canada, says, "We are recognizing what's happening by erosion, and I don't think we can do anything about that that isn't to say I don't think some archaeological work could be done at the site."

Meanwhile, the third-floor roof still leaks, the sills are rotting and up to 20 cm of water stands under some of the wall-floor plastering. "More than 22 years ago Parks Canada engineers suggested the building be razed and nothing was done," says Ray. "I'm afraid the old depot is going to fall down or burn down soon. The best thing that could happen would be for Parks Canada to dismantle it and re-erect it in a less exposed or endangered site in the south."

Harper says Parks Canada is doing preventive maintenance work and would consider moving the depot if it were physically dangerous. But a "no-budget" plan for the site won't be ready for a year or two or four years, he says. Ray, who believes that York's limited tourist potential—it can accommodate only by air or water—will always give it low priority with Parks Canada, says, "The bureaucracy is blarney-wad-dressing—nothing is really happening. One day soon, it will be too late to save anything of our heritage."

—PETER CARLSON-GORDON



## A revolution grapples with reality

By Caryl Murphy

**F**rom the racing, breathtaking Victoria Falls, to the cool, tree-filled mountain streams of Limpopo, picnics are booked solid on weekends in Salisbury, the capital, the sidewalks are lined with brightly blossoming trees. Restaurants, serving imported wine from South Africa and pheasant from Mississippi, are doing a brisk business and shops are packed with tourists. Black and white. In fact, the beauty of the mountains that make this landlocked country of nearly eight million the "jewel of Africa" are more than ever in evidence these days.

Since 21 months ago from white-run Rhodesia, following a bloody seven-year insurrection that left 30,000 dead, this emergent black-run state has been given billions of dollars in aid and reams of goodwill by the West in the hope of seeing it become an economically prosperous, multiracial democracy on a continent better known for its political strife and debt-ridden economies. The heady euphoria that accompanied Zimbabwe's independence in 1980 gave way to the strains of a nation of competing with the political and economic problems inherent in Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's

self-appointed task of revolutionising Zimbabwe without destroying it. Having won independence, the government is looking into the long-haul task of deciding what to do with its prize.

Though the restoration of peace has been one undeniable achievement for the country's 170,000 white life is now taking on a tinge of "the way we were." Certainly all their homes still have servants and returning posts. Living-ests and lairs are low, as are impressive five-bedroom houses built for \$40,000. Zimbabwe's building boom and building industry—Borrowdale, a powerhouse still—drew crowds for large, well-filled houses. There's no more military duty, and rents

deserted new travel safely anywhere in the country. One British-born career officer in the former Rhodesian army who has stayed on to serve in Mugabe's defense force plans to stay as long as he can. "Look, it's a good life," he explained, sipping his gin and tonic. But for those who do not have either the moral open-mindedness or the stomach to cope with a country going through immense social change, the future is uncertain. In Salisbury, there are more than 10,000 people registered to vote permanently in South Africa in the first eight months of last year, compared with 30,000 in the same period in 1988.

Though the white farmers are, for the most part, gone, they have given rise to a new class, spurned by big business (a more stable economy—businessmen and technicians are away and are leaving the country, causing a distressing dearth of vital skills). There is a growing concern among white Zimbabweans that Mugabe himself has turned against them. Not only are they worried about "good old Bob" brand of socialism, but they are daunted by his harsh rhetoric against the white population. As he has tried to recall at a rally in Gweru, Mugabe told his 40,000 black Zimbabweans that he has come to

Just a few of the estimated one million Zimbabweans peasants to be resettled (top); student whites in the homelands is over



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the confusion that many whites have not shared their all-white attitudes. "From today, I will not go to the post office or to the supermarket to buy anything who calls him a kaffir," he said, using a derogatory term for blacks. "But don't hit me now, just those who maltreat you." He also lashed out at white businessmen for failing to recognize the contributions of their workers. "It is the blood and sweat of the workers that have made these people millionaires," he said. Remarks like Western diplomats. "The homophobia appears to be over."

White sensitivities are not Maguire's only problem—the country's more than seven million blacks are increasingly restless over the shenanigans of economic repression and racial strife. There have been scores of wildcat strikes by railroad and factory workers, black nurses and teachers. Though they all eventually went back to work, they made a point in challenging the black leaders they had put into power less than two years ago. The new order has brought rising aspirations, and many of them have put a burden on Zimbabwe's economy. Western investors, offered little by way of incentives so far, have yet to venture into Zimbabwe in any significant way. The pressures are not only economic. The four million rural blacks who have been the brunt of the war are demanding a redistribution of land. But here Maguire is at the heart of a dilemma. Once white farmers had 80 percent of the land, but now they have less than 10 percent. They have to buy black food and meat products for export. If the peasants were allowed to take over the white farms, it would mean economic disaster.

So far Maguire has not made any of the sweeping changes his self-styled Marxist philosophy has presaged. Zimbabwe still has a mixed economy, heavily weighted toward a large and active private sector. No new laws have been introduced and no land confiscated. Increasingly, the prime minister talks about instituting a one-party state, though he pretends that would only be done after the people had spoken through a referendum. Late last fall, the government issued a notice requiring political parties to



Surf-filled days of lawn bowling: the ready euphoria is now gone

obtain police permission for all meetings. At least two meetings of opposition parties have already been prohibited under the new regulations. The *Harare Sunday News* reports that Maguire's old rival, Bishop Abel Muzorewa—who passed former prime minister Ian Smith as a coalition government prior to independence, was drawing huge crowds at political meetings. Maguire accused Muzorewa and Smith of conspiring with South Africa to prevent him and warned they would be "punished" if they continued with their "subversive" activities. He was, in fact, "punished" when he was given a 30-day prison sentence for breaking his probationary conditions.

For reasons still not totally clear, Maguire appears to feel threatened, and there are indications that not all the opposition is coming from outside his own government. A youthful wing of his party is agitating because it wants to see more radical political change. Some of the more ambitious party officials, it is said, are less cooperative than they appear in public. Already Maguire has fired two ministers for openly criticizing the government. The first to go, May-power Planning and Development Minister Edgar Tokwe, embarked on his new post with his involvement in the war-torn of a white farmer and then angered him with the

lie that "the revolution is running out of steam."

The most serious threat to Maguire's stability is the country's worsening relationship with South Africa. As in every other place, Maguire walks a tightrope in his dealings with "big brother." His dilemma is to distance Zimbabwe from a government whose racial policies it abhors while not being the hand that feeds it so hard that it ends up with only a cold shoulder—despite the economic dependence given Zimbabwe's dependence on South African railways and ports. Although Maguire has refused to allow anti-Pretoria immigrants to use Zimbabwe as a staging base, which could invite immediate military reprisal from South Africa, he has not been reticent about verbal attacks on his southern neighbor. In late December, when Maguire's political party officially launched its branch, Zimbabweans were quick to blame the dead on South African subversives, although there was no evidence to support the accusations.

The South Africans have reacted to an almost constant stream of provocative anti-apartheid rhetoric from Zimbabwean officials and media with a gentle economic squeeze. They withdrew 25 locomotives after their lease ran out (they have since been returned), gave notice they would not renew a preferential trade agreement and the work permits of some 30,000 Zimbabweans living in South Africa, and sent to Magistrate's courtiers who disrupt Zimbabwe's economy by refusing to reissue visas for Zimbabweans visiting South Africa. As one U.S. diplomat in Salisbury said, "I used to think that South Africa believed that it was in its best interest to have a stable Zimbabwe. Now I think Pretoria may have decided it's best to have a Zimbabwe that's in trouble so it can point to another black majority that has failed."

Nonetheless, were important this all the aid and support the West has offered. Zimbabwe's success will depend, to a large extent, on the acceptance of a modus vivendi with its powerful white-ruled neighbors. Perhaps if all the problems facing Maguire, it will require of him the most tact, shrewdness and diplomacy. As black journalist Phil Mhlophe put it, "Having a revolution is one thing, running a country is quite another."



Maguire on a high note

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# Why police pay criminals

By Thomas Hopkins

**W**hen convicted mass killer Clifford Olson settled into British Columbia's Oakalla correction centre last week, the tremors caused by his grassroots string of 11 murders reverberated across the country. At the same time, people inside and outside the political system debated and criticized the deal under which Olson's family was secretly paid \$80,000 in return for Olson revealing the bodies of his victims to the police. "Pitifully repugnant," said Alan Borovay of the Ca-

nadian Civil Liberties Association. "The largest judicial scandal in years," according to Montreal criminal lawyer Frank Shostak.

Even Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was snared into the debate, defending the police action and telling the call for a public inquiry into the debate a "scrap notice." Relatives of four of the dead children angrily met at the Hotel Vancouver to discuss using the federal justice system for what they believe was a bungled investigation. Nor did the crash of the cell door end the shakiness as police in Edmonton

and Sydney, N.S., uncovered local residents linking Olson and young children—and West Coast Nazis talked ominously about unearthing even more victims of Olson's savagery.

Above and beyond the events and estimates, a blur of outrage and anguish over larger issues raised by the Olson payoff spun in the January air like a weather vane gone wild. It involved the questions of how often police pay for information, how liberally they do so—and whether they should do it at all. The questions probed the regions of twilight justice, where cash, immunity from

prosecution and all manner of station-house deals are made.

To the public, the very idea of the RCMP secretly paying money to a terrorist of Olson's infamy was shocking. The Canadian image of law enforcement has been largely rooted in more romantic notions of good guys and bad, where encounters between police and child killers is unthinkable. But that was only last week's news. In the rush to defend the Mounties' actions, lawyers and policemen Mandy argued that the Olson payoff was merely an extravagant example of the kind of business that goes on among police, lawyers and the accused every day. Says Toronto criminal lawyer Edward Greenspan: "It is utterly hypocritical of anyone from the defence bar to be against this bargains, when all we do every day of our lives is make deals that we sort of feel similar to the Olson arrangement." Meanwhile, readers cited instances of famous cases involving back-room bargaining, such as Toronto's Kirby case or the conviction, using a paid informer, of Vancouver's Palmer brothers (page 89).

There is no such thing as justice in the abstract; it is merely a concept between men. —Epicurus, 3rd century BC

Although Canadian lawyers, policemen and politicians shrank from closer examination, the clandestine bargaining that occasionally results in payoffs to criminals keeps the erratic-lined wheels of Canadian justice turning. Examples of twilight justice include payment in money or reduced charges to criminals for information, official or unofficial immunity from prosecution in exchange for testimony, possibly with a reclassification of sentencing, and the provision of a whole new identity, plus garnishing.

The drama thrives on the kind of secret that the wary sought for the Olson payoff—and the word of the payoff is oddly enough still not out. September. More details of the scheme continued to surface last week. Federal Solicitor General Robert Kaplan, suffering from apparent lapses in chronology, confirmed that he was not told of the secret scheme until Sept. 12, during a hearing at which RCMP Commissioner Robert Simmonds also learned of the payment. That was almost three weeks after it had been authorized by B.C. Attorney General Alan Williams and \$100,000 deposited in a trust account (in fact only \$80,000 has been paid to Olson's family). Kaplan told Maclean's he first heard about the deal from a reporter on Sept. 9. "It seemed unusual to me—I was disturbed by it," Kaplan, confused about the details of the Olson arrangement, had earlier said and he was told before money was paid out. He confirms now that the money had already been

transferred to the trustee before he was made aware of the bargain.

In another development, despite Kaplan's dramatic insistence that the word of the RCMP is as good and that there would be no attempt to recover the \$100,000, federal justice department lawyers insisted throughout the week with the problem of getting back the money (44 per cent federal, 56 per cent provincial) by civil suit. The idea was eventually dropped. Williams, who first denied, then admitted, authorizing the payment, remained silent.

Kaplan, however, in an interview with Maclean's, indicated that British Columbia was talking with the RCMP about bunching a suit. Meanwhile, the storm still raged about who was finally responsible. Kaplan wanted it held to power to stop the arrangement. When asked directly by Maclean's if he could have stopped it, he replied, "My answer is no." He reasoned that he could not interfere with an attorney general's

**Above and beyond the events and outrages, a blur of outrage spun in the air like a weather vane gone wild**

constitutional right to administer justice. Nevertheless, the B.C. policing contract, with Ottawa clearly stating that "application of professional police procedures" remains under Kaplan's control. The debate remains unresolved, and the people who are protecting the Olson deal will probably remain unanswerable when it faces their anger.

The object of some anger, Alan Olson, hunkered down in his parents' Vancouver home, remained mute about his plans for the \$80,000 "blood money," adding only that he was "very poor." More details of the scheme continued to surface last week. Federal Solicitor General Robert Kaplan, suffering from apparent lapses in chronology, confirmed that he was not told of the secret scheme until Sept. 12, during a hearing at which RCMP Commissioner Robert Simmonds also learned of the payment. That was almost three weeks after it had been authorized by B.C. Attorney General Alan Williams and \$100,000 deposited in a trust account (in fact only \$80,000 has been paid to Olson's family). Kaplan told Maclean's he first heard about the deal from a reporter on Sept. 9. "It seemed unusual to me—I was disturbed by it," Kaplan, confused about the details of the Olson arrangement, had earlier said and he was told before money was paid out. He confirms now that the money had already been

being evaded and dealing with weapons and informants."

Clearly, people are not something police are eager to talk about. Says Harry Kistens of the Halifax police department: "It's a typical case. He told Maclean's: "If we do it, I'm not going to advertise it; if we don't do it, I don't even want to talk about it. It's too touchy." But paying, whether in money or the alternatives of charges, are used, and used heavily. Says police fares made at least two reliable paid informants a package of presents. Sheriff Jack McLean is a fee fictional character, but his methods have little to do with day-to-day crime processing. Says one senior RCMP officer: "If you're going to get good credible information about criminal activities, the [federal] officer who's there's going to get it from criminals."

An informant tip is far more useful to a policeman than a sound fingerprint. Says Vancouver criminal lawyer Harry Rankin: "I've advised the attorney general in saying [the Olson payoff] is something new. It's just a bit more dramatic, but it happens every day."

Information about payments is classified. Police and Crown attorneys worry about loss of confidence with the public. That is not their only concern. "If we made these payments openly," says Toronto Police Sgt. Bob Bamford, "we'd lose our credibility with the underworld." Although lawyer Greenspan emphasizes that the level of payoffs, if known, would be "staggering," police forces tend to minimize them. Toronto police spend less than \$10,000 a year on such operations, with all funds authorized by a deputy chief, says Bamford. "A large payoff would be \$800, but they rarely cross my desk—may be two a month."

The Ontario Provincial Police, according to a senior officer, spend roughly less than \$100,000 a year funding some 100 informants. The source of the money is a slush fund supplied by sales of seized and confiscated property. "But the greatest practitioner [of payoffs] in the country is the RCMP," cautions the OPP officer. "There's no question, they've been in the business longer than anyone else," he declares.

They are also the most secret. The level of RCMP payoffs remains unknown, although some indication of the scale can be determined from the fact that the \$100,000 to paid Olson's family was below the amount that required ministerial approval. Payoff guidelines remain secret too. Money is kept in one of the RCMP's operating expense accounts and is theoretically scrutinized by parliamentary committees in Ottawa. In fact, no committee has seen the figures in at least 10 years.

Although major investigations are





Olsen, nor did the crash of the oil derrick and the shocks as witnesses talked extremely about interviewing even more victims

the most well-known use of RCMP paid informants, it also is essential to so-called national security operations. Both the Keable and McDonald commission reports were studded with examples. The most dramatic was last spring's revelation of Operation Prapple, in which a woman named Carole De Vault earned more than \$30,000 for informing on the RUC for the score in the early 1970s.

Police forces resort less frequently to complete informants and more often to return for critical information from criminals and other informants. Authorities are reluctant to admit it, but such feed-backs of negative public reaction of details like this, a point illustrated by the recent furor in Toronto over the terms of evidence used in the trial of former Peel

Kirby's immunity.

On a less shadowy moral level, but a far more pervasive one—is plea bargaining. It is the process by which a defense lawyer will haggle for a lesser charge from a Crown prosecutor rather than plunge the case into an expensive trial by having his client plead not guilty to the original charge. It is a potent and appealing bargain because the most efficient way to plea is to offer a guilty plea.

(1970) and *Pelton vs. Palmer* (1980) finally established that plea-bargaining is the process by which a defense lawyer will haggle for a lesser charge from a Crown prosecutor rather than plunge the case into an expensive trial by having his client plead not guilty to the original charge. It is a potent and appealing bargain because the most efficient way to plea is to offer a guilty plea.

These concepts are sometimes hard to digest for a public raised on a diet of American jurisprudence dished over the border or cable television. The American model is one of rights de-

fined, rights protected, rights explained ("You have the right to remain silent..."). The reality in Canada is much closer to the British model of wide and discretionary powers, especially for the prosecution and the police. Says Toronto Chief Crown Attorney Peter Rokicki, "There is a feeling in the Canadian courts that if it works, use it, so long as it doesn't bring the justice system into disrepute." The result is that Canadian courts and police agencies sometimes resemble a banana in form. "We tend to think of police work as something different from what it is," says University of Toronto ethnologist Anthony Troisi. "We think the work of a detective is a lot harder, rather than the very banal process dealing with other humans."

As for plea bargaining, lawyers insist the procedure is necessary and, when conducted by two professionals, benign. Says veteran Toronto criminal lawyer Julian Porter: "The lines between Crown and defense lawyers are based on predictions of what the trial system would produce anyway." In the vast majority of cases, he says, right, but the numbers of critics of coroner's juries, perhaps emboldened by the public reaction in the Olsen decision, are growing. Critics worry that the game, conducted in clover secrecy, is in danger of getting out of hand.

Critics worry about the secrecy of the deals, not just from the public, but from each other. In *Making Cents: A Study of Directors*, Ward, II of Toronto

magician Richard Ericson argues: "In the jurisdiction we studied, the production of court outcomes took place haphazardly in discussions among detectives, lawyers and Crown attorneys... In this process the police serve more as an agent of adjudication than adjudication. In the vast majority of cases, the accused pleading guilty and, since the common law accepts a guilty plea without proof, there is no inquiry in court concerning the constitution of the case."

The same applies to the system of witness-house prisoners of innocence. Says Ottawa lawyer Leonard Shore: "When you give immunity outside the courtroom, you're taking the administration of justice away from the court. The potential for abuse is phenomenal."

Perhaps the critics' most telling charge against criminal informers is that their information may be useless or even damaging to a case. Says Regina lawyer Roy Williams: "There is real danger in the use of informants that the information will be tainted, that the judges and juries will believe it, and people will get convicted on the basis of it." Williams is personally convinced that he was sentenced to life imprisonment last week by chief, Nelson Earl Miller, for murder after an accomplice to the murder had been granted immunity

tends to grow louder the greater the distance from the justice system. As a result, change will not come quickly. Even a politician such as Robert Kaplan, who could avoid politically damaging sentences with a more open paid procedure, says he has no intention of reviewing the RCMP guidelines policy on informants and will instead unchanged prosecute guidelines in river cases like Olsen's in the future. Alberta Attorney General Neil Coyle, on the other hand, prompted by the Olsen affair, has instructed his ministry to develop a provincial policy on police payments.

Legal observers are divided about the effect on the gathering of evidence of the proposed new charter of rights. In it, evidence would be admissible if it violated the charter and thus brought "the administration of justice into disrepute." II of T has professor Bernard Dickens suspect that the gathering of evidence will be largely unchanged, "given the conservative disposition of the courts, which will finally have to interpret it."

Others are less reverential about the concept and its meaning: "What will a judge have to do, really?" shrugs Toronto lawyer Walter Fox. Others hope it will prevent overzealous police work such as the recent case in which two

Quebec officers extracted a confession from a suspect by dressing up as a police chief and a priest.

Legal professionals caution, however, that too much constraint on discretion in the judicial process could result in an excess of legislation that will only enrich lawyers and clog the courts. Late last week, as officials considered plans to review the Olsen payoff, the by-now defensive star held a press conference to deny that an incompetent investigation delayed Olsen's capture, and to repeat that the Olsen payoff was necessary as the only way to get him in jail. Certainly, in the utilitarian world of Canadian justice, it was a successful bargain. It worked, and it was legal. It would not have been in the United States.

But even if the law was uncompromised, the tolerance of the public was severely strained. And a beligerent Kaplan, plainly unhappy with the fallout from the Olsen case, "Many aspects of policing have a sinister dimension, and Canadians don't really like to think about the powers of the police and the traditional methods used to win the conviction of offenders. That means that those of us responsible for the integrity and prosperity of justice that happen sometimes feel very lonely."



Shoey: "The bigger the accused, the prouder."



Miller: "The bigger the accused, the prouder."



Rokicki: "The bigger the accused, the prouder."

in exchange for testimony against Miller.

Still, police and lawyers grown accustomed to the system are unlikely to alter it. Says Porter: "Look, once you allow people the right to deal, you are almost certainly going to have bad deals." But the legal marketplace works day by day in most cases. "The crucial point," says Peter Rokicki, "is one [the deal] meets the common right of day in day out inquiry."

Damage over the Olsen arrangement:

Greenglass deals every day

The events of the past few weeks may have galvanized some concerned Canadians. By dealing in the discreet marketplace of Canadian justice with such skill, Clifford Olson may have laid the ground work for an inquiry into how it works.

With: Jerry Jensen on Olsen, Malcolm Gray on Porter, and others from Anne Cliche, Carol Journeau, Mark Chisholm, Dale Rabin, David Fisher, Peter Gauvin, Robert Leveson, William Louder, Diane Lutze, Val Ross and Guy Weston.

## Handsome rewards for show-and-tell

**T**he \$100,000 trust fund established for Clifford Robert Olson's wife and son in exchange for his grizzly cache of information is the most gaudy example of public payoffs in history. But it is clearly not the first time that police in Canada have paid to make a name. In fact, Toronto criminal lawyer Edward Greenbaum thinks the "single best deal in the history of Canada" was negotiated by a 35-year-old retired RCMP constable named Cecil Kirby. In representation of a group of organized妓e, Kirby stated to believe that the business of selling information can be almost as profitable as the crimes themselves.

In November, 1988, Kirby called the BTK in Topeka with a message that he wanted to chat about expanded crime. Since then, the former underworld explosives expert has been granted immunity from prosecution for setting a 1977 blast that killed one man and injured three others in a Topeka Chinese restaurant. Figuring he knew too much to stay on the mob's payroll, Kirby helped police put away five men last year for plotting three murder contracts. The connections were obtained when Kirby, a former master explosives contractor with a concealed pistol permit and dapping his pain pills because he had already made one "bet," said Oklahoma Attorney General Roy McMurtry about a man directly linked by police to 19 contract killings. "Kirby represented the first real breakthrough in penetrating the conspiracy of silence which surrounds organized crime activities."

The authorities are grateful. Kirby's material needs are judiciously accounted for by the RCMP, the Ontario Provincial Police and the Metro Toronto Police, attorneys along with Ontario Assistant Attorney General Rod McLeod to the controversial *swindler* himself. Among Kirby's perks are free hotel accommodation, a leased car and monthly cheques totalling \$2500 for expenses and alimony payments. Not only that, he has been granted a new identity and \$300,000 for relocation since his usefulness to the police agencies.

Apart from financing, police appear to turn a blind eye to his penchant for beating up his former girlfriend. "She's being terrorized and has already had two nervous breakdowns," says her Torrington attorney, Brian D. Jones. "Koby is just waiting until things cool down so he can kill her. He's ashamed with her."

After a July beating in a Toronto airport hotel room while Kirby's two around-the-clock bodyguards slept in



Lawton: The 300 men concentrated in about 30 buildings

in an adjoining room, Jones complained to the Ontario attorney general's office. Another assault in her apartment last October ("She'd moved I can only speculate about how he got her address"), telephone number, address and key to her apartment," Jones says pointedly prompted a formal complaint with the RCMP. A letter from Sgt. J.D. Lawson easily informed Jones that a police investigation of the hotel秉ing "abolishes the bodyguards of any monarchist whatsoever."

Another man walking around the Toronto streets is 31-year-old Gary Cottamka. His brief criminal escapade began when he worked as an Air Canada freight shed attendant at Ottawa International Airport in 1983. He received \$2,000 dollars richer for a decision to turn informer—for the cash and, as he later advised in Ontario Supreme Court, to

have his neck — is being comfortingly ushered into police-supplied identification. His role is an April, 1964, gold haul which is kept in eye on shipments coming through the port from Northern Ontario mines to the Royal Canadian Mint. His tips eventually netted the gang five gold bars, then worth about \$30,000.

for his role in the robbery. If he would serve as a police informer. He had trouble during eight months of service, leading to the 1996-97 convictions of five men on narcotics, robbery and drug-importing charges. Casalsio was allowed to keep \$30,000 out of the gold he had job-junk part of his \$100,000 pension plan. He also kept the money he had saved when he found himself laid off from Air Canada cargo, including clothing, liquor and 60 percent calculators.

Coutanche's crime pale in comparison to those of underworld hit man-turned-informer David Larose. 27- Larose easily confessed last April to about 30 murders in testimony at the Montreal murder trial of his "former close friend" François Larivière. Sentenced June 12 to 48 years for his role in a kidnap-extortion, Larose said he "went over to the other side" because he was "no longer accepted by the underworld." He also believed that a well-known gangster he used to despise, Underboss Charles "Lucky" Luciano, was in the bag of business with his girlfriend, according to Larose's lawyer, Norbert Lasser. Larose is not to appear as star witness in either upcoming murder trials. He has been questioned in connection with 75 killings and has shed light on all of them. Those included af-

waiting to the February, 1978, killing of Henry Fernandez for which he and co-conspirator had been acquitted.

"This has to be the most important and strong of back-pedals in Quebec bars ever run into," one Montreal investigating and sheet lawyer and another room police reformer Argos Lester, who is appealing Laferrière's 30-year sentence for the first-degree murder of 31-year-old police informer Ronald Lavergne, the Crown prosecutors' attitudes are "aggravating." He says money, apartments and protection from prosecution "simply encourage criminals."

But what could become the most cited case of all time that has already become Canadian jurisprudence is the *versus BC RCMP officers and Vancouver fire lieutenant Frederick Thomas Furey*. He earned \$50,000 for his testimony in a 1978 Vancouver heroin conspiracy trial in which Vancouver heroin distributor Doug and Phil Palmer, who maintained a 10-year relationship with four-time drug kingpin James "Whitey" Bulger, were convicted of trafficking human beings. An American who grew up in Vancouver's east end, Furey had functioned as a "hook-end canary" (recruited to hide drug cash in the human ring headed by the Palmeiro brothers). His testimony—vital to the Crown's case—had "the ring of truth," wrote BC Supreme Court Justice A. B. Macfarlane in his judgment.

Jord had been receiving \$1,200 a month in living expenses during the trial, the privilege of trafficking heroin free of police intervention along with the disbursement of trivial charges, no bails and possession of stolen goods.

Not until after the trial did Ford publicly trumpet that the RCMP had broken out of a deal to pay him \$800,000 for his testimony. When the Palermo appeal to the Supreme Court in 1997, Ford, an amateur filer, appealed to the B.C. Court of Appeal, and "I got up on the stand and made up a bunch of lies only because I didn't want to go to jail," he says. "I was promised a huge cash settlement, security and transportation to anywhere I wanted to go. Naturally, I couldn't turn that down."

Failes confirmed that Ford had asked for \$50,000 and that they had upped the offer to \$60,000, stressing that they were not making any promises. Despite arguments by the Failes brothers' lawyer, Harry Walsh, that such a

award would be considered "boycott" made by the defense counsel, the appeal was denied. A Supreme Court of Canada appeal was also denied with the Dec. 2, 1979, declaration: "It is impossible to believe that the nature of [Prest's] estimate given at the trial was affected by the payment or promise of money."

## An uneasy pact of silence

They were there for months, a journalistic sweepstakes that many British Columbia news outlets would not publish. The shocking news was that a \$100,000 payoff had been made to the family of main murderer Clifford Olson was kept secret until his guilty plea. There was a reason for suggesting news that was the talk of parties and bars: the law bars publication of facts that would preclude a

trial. Biss had been charged with murder and the evidence that the police had paid a man with a criminal record and a history of sex offenses to lead them to the bodies of his victims did not break until his trial was over.

He warned the attorney especially that he planned to write about the meeting. "He said he would meet all questions head on," Sherman said.

There was no exact count of a collection of the truth when Wilson first spoke publicly about the payments. He denied that any payment had been made to Olson (a verbiage which, however, then evaded reporters' questions about his authorization of payments). "It was kept," Sherman said. "All he had to do was admit his hostile manner, then announce he was trying to find ways of getting the money back."

The blackout lifted briefly on Oct. 11, when The Vancouver Sun carried a short story from its Ottawa bureau as a question Tory MP Elmer MacKay had asked in the House of Commons. MacKay had specifically mentioned the Olson case and asked Solicitor General Robert Kaplan

If the BCPD had put more to accused persons or their relatives, CBC television in Vancouver, also noting under the protection of reporting privilege, used a story briefly on its late-night local news. And *Southern News Services* sent a more detailed news service, warning smaller newspapers that it might be dangerous. George Duke, who wrote the story, says he never heard anyone express any surprise about a story that was front-page news in Edmonton and Hamilton. For instance, but not in Vancouver, where the two fathers, both named by *Southern Press*, did not

Les Lauck, head of the CBC's BC region, was among those urging with "strongest" representations that Chénier's unrepresented request, but eventually denied it was a necessary evil. In the end it was not the threat of contempt of court that made up his mind: "We have to live in this province," he said. "If [news of the p.o.o.f.] had been published in advance, Chénier's defense lawyer would have had a very good case for a mistrial. You can imagine the outcry there would have been if something we had done allowed a child killer to go free."  
—MALCOLM GRAY

# Schreyer skims the surface

By Robert Lewis

It was a nappy night for fancy skating. The rink was thick and bumpy on the outside, rink behind Government House, and Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer was playing host to press gallery reporters at a small winter party last Friday. Only two nights before, the rarely visible Schreyer had launched off a January storm by naming that he might have blocked a unilateral constitutional patrician plan last fall had

an election, after all, been called.

Schreyer did not say whether he might have exerted his legal power to force an election or merely urged Trudeau privately to face the people. Some experts lauded Schreyer for speaking out about his doubts, but mostly there was silence.

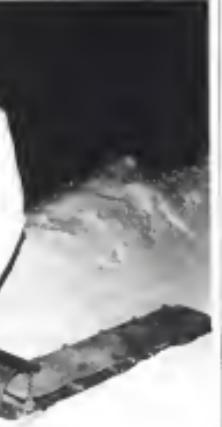
The revelations sparked memories of the celebrated constitutional crisis of 1986 in which Gov. Gen. Lord Byng refused Prime Minister Mackenzie King's request for dissolution of Parliament. But last week's remarks were not the first time that Schreyer has asserted the prerogatives of his office. In 1986 when Joe Clark's Conservatives were abruptly defeated, Schreyer briefly put off Clark's request for dissolution and an election to ponder the prospects of handing power to a Liberal-war coalition.

That action and last week's statements have many friends wondering whether to whom Schreyer has been freestanding in his largely ceremonial role in the CP interview and in another session with the Ottawa Citizen, Schreyer lamented that "irreconcilable differences" and "unexpected concerns" have presented him from speaking out on such issues as national unity and energy. Friends say that like Schreyer is even less enthused of life in a rinketed fish bowl at Rideau Hall. And after three full years in the role, Schreyer himself still says that his wife is "adjusting" and "reeling well."

Schreyer again last week did not close the case as a return to political life—a door he left ajar last December in the first press conference by a governor general. But, as he told the Citizen, academics or farmers—perhaps in the Gaspé—"apply to me."

At any rate, Schreyer vowed to leave the vice-regal post on two years, when his term expires. He will then be 68, and if politics are really an option, last week's interview could provide eased blessings. He will not have earned his place in Trudeau's ley-lines, but he will have done little to disturb the game of Trudeau's people, particularly in Western Canada.

Schreyer's biggest political blemish, as he conceded in the CP interview, are big, interventionist economic moves which "make it rather awkward for me to be accepted by any one of the parties." In fact, Schreyer could always start his own party—he certainly managed to do so in the 1970s—but, weak as he was not believing his own self.



Schreyer's canoeing, and sliding, marks a contrast to his own creation

There bore an agreement between Pierre Trudeau and the governors. Both is a white rink. Schreyer skinned the skating and curled some ends on an adjacent sheet—all the while sliding mostly around a contrastive of his own creation.

For a man marking his liberal university in office and intent on elevating his profile, Schreyer exceeded the evident dreams—and perhaps even the concern—of his admirers. "My star," was called constitutional scholar Robert Forsey. "This is really perfectly absurd."

Canadian Press. Schreyer was asked what he would have done had Trudeau sought patrician over the opposition of the premiers. He replied that had the situation "got to the point that there was an absolute absence of willpower to discuss anything any further"—and without the Governor General "acting in some arbitrary fashion"—the only way out, "would have been to name [Schreyer] as a senior post CP [inaction], then recall the [Monetary] session, although Schreyer later claimed that his remarks had been taken out of context."

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OTTAWA

## Dark at the end of the tunnel

It's turning out to be an unusually harsh winter for federal politicians. Liberals are finding that Allan MacEachen's budget, designed to appear publicly as pure as the driven snow, is turning into a dark winter's tale. Conservative MPs, who should be relishing the government's discomfiture, are growing weary of snubs over their leadership. And the New Democrats, instead of benefiting from the public's antipathy to the other two parties, remain rooted in their customary third-party position. The latest Gallup survey, taken two weeks after the Nov. 12 budget

cherished tax breaks in its Dec. 18 budget announcements, the government now hopes the attack will focus only on technical details rather than on grand fiscal strategy.

Not likely. During the recess the Tories dispatched a budget task force around the country for hearings in 35 cities, during which witnesses were encouraged to lay every discontent in the land at MacEachen's feet of clay. NDP leader Ed Broadbent also staged a cross-country tour to highlight unemployment (new 15.1 per cent high of 8.6 per cent) and retained determined to make that the top item on the parliamentary agenda.

Meanwhile, Tory leader Joe Clark flew back from a three-week holiday into a difficult political situation. A Committee for the 1987 Leadership Convention has sprung up in Toronto to try to force Clark into a leadership contest. More ominously, 100 from across the country have been brought by local party activists to settle Clark's future is unsure. The Opposition leader's one hope is to carry his party into a struggle battle against the Liberals and their budget, which guarantees a long and bloody fight when debate on the budget begins.

If the Liberals' budget policies really are to be struck down, the dead might well be done by the government itself. As the Bank of Montreal forecast last week, Canada's plug-and-go into a deep recession is due to follow later this year by a slow recovery of high interest rates don't shake off even that weak option. Inflation, which averaged a 3.9 per cent high of 12.5 per cent in 1981, is expected to subdue only slightly this year to 11 per cent. Not only that, the Conference Board of Canada has just predicted that wage increases will exceed inflation this year—for the first time since 1977.

Prime Trudeau will raise all these issues with the premiers at their economic meeting next week. And if the worst comes to pass within a few months, he might be moved to impose wage and price controls, as he did in 1975. The Trudeau people say they have no such intention, but they said that the last time.

—JOHN HAY

The Liberals had dropped three points in popularity to 35 per cent, the Tories were also down three to 39, and the NDP was up four points but still at a traditional 22 per cent. Because of Gallup's four-point margin of error, any conclusion must be hedged. Still, as the big gathering begins in Parliament this week, no reputations are speaking.

The Liberals know they would face a terrible opposition storm against the budget after the Christmas recess. But, having partially prepared some of the

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## Toward a common front

In a layer at the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre, as Yan Gagnon, a historian, shows the Metis people. "We are the offspring of the early white northerners and the Indians. We know the Indian way and the white man's way. We are thus known to serve independently and with pride, ready to take on any challenge." These words were written by Ted Truitt, a Metis from Fort Simpson, known throughout the Mackenzie Valley as the "Shakespeare of Dene language."

Truitt, 81, a wise, open-hearted man, died Jan. 17, just two days before the beginning of a historic meeting in Yellowknife to discuss the future of the western half of the Northwest Territories. The conference was postponed a day while delegates flew to his funeral. But when they reconvened, they found that Truitt had embodied and the meaning his words held for both the native and nonnative peoples of the North were evident as the various groups—Dene, Metis and nonnatives—sat down to work out a "common front" leading to the eventual political independence for the 40,000 people who live across the 1.3-million square miles that are the N.W.T.

On April 14, a plebiscite will be held throughout the N.W.T. and its northerners. "Do you think the Northwest Territories should be divided?" The move comes as the result of a proposal by the Inuit Tapiriit of Canada. It calls for the eventual creation of a new territory, leading to independence, called Nunavut ("our land") with a boundary running above the tree line from the northwestern part of the Arctic in a diagonal to the southeast. With the vote expected to be "Yes," representatives of the western half of the territory at the conference to discuss their future.

It was soon clear that the various groups were united in a common purpose. "We have been at the mercy of diverse interests and changing gov-



Native leaders Freddy Greenfield (left) and Georges Erasmus and (below) what's where in the west and the east of the North



ernments," said Yellowknife Mayor Michael Ballantyne. "We have lost everything—everybody, but most of all we have fought each other." Last week they stopped fighting each other, united against a common for a colonial regime that governs a major part of their life from Ottawa. Much of the de-

bate from northern delegates fearful that it would lead to a racist state. Dene President Georges Erasmus spent much of the three days calling for frequently emphasizing his Dene identity, repeatedly emphasizing that all the Dene are native people of Dene linguistic tradition that would be unacceptable to the majority of northerners living in the west. "Our major concern is that we don't want an uncontrolled future up here," he says. "I really believe there's a wildlife group. It's not an either/or situation. We're natural. We're practical. We want to live in today's world."

While the Inuit form about 65 per cent of the population in the east, the native population in the west is about half that, depending on the boundaries chosen. By the conference's end, the northern delegates had reported by 11 to 30 a Dene motion to link political development to the current administration and to encourage closer talks, but that seemed to continue the process of consultation. The delegates knew that if they are going to be granted additional responsibility, they must first demonstrate the ability to work together toward common goals. Much will depend on the outcome of the plebiscite.

Senator Jack Austin, minister of state responsible for northern constitutional development, told the N.W.T. Executive Committee that a strong "Yes" vote would force the federal government to let go of what it has remained in control of for years: research about diseases, resource mining, and research to encourage northern groups to work together and present a common program for change.

Despite the success of last week's meeting, there are lingering fears in the minds of many northerners that even if a division is approved and a consensus achieved, Ottawa, ultimately, will renege their request. However, federal officials attending the meeting showed some indication that northerners have reason for hope. Said Kit Stewart, a northerner and Austin's special assistant, quoting from an old Rolling Stones song: "You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime, you just might find, you get what you need."

—GORDON LARSEN

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## The CIA prepares for battle



Scenes of the Park assassination and (below) the victim, Ray, sitting decked for anyone who bears a grudge against the G.O.

By Peter Lewis

**I**t had all the markings of a well-accused glandular slaying. As the clatter of a packhorse in a nearby work site shattered the silence of a residential Paris street, a poorly dressed man watched his victim approach on the sidewalk. When the moment was right, the assailant stepped forward, from a single bullet an instant bludgeon rose from the forehead of Lt. Col Charles R. Ray, an American diplomat. The man who had safely walked down the same Ray was dead, the assassin lay scattered, his heart of adrenalin

The staging of *Eye*, semi-aided Vietnam War veteran who had served as an amateur military attaché in the Paris embassy since 1980, shocked the American diplomatic community and left his colleagues in Paris stunned and angry. Said one: "He hadn't a ghost of a chance to defend himself." But the master had not come without weapons. Two days earlier, he had sent a package to the U.S. ambassador in Paris containing a photograph of a French police officer, a copy of the *Le Monde* article, and a note threatening to release the photograph to the press if the ambassador did not release him.

The same group suspected of carrying out the Chagan attack—an obscure Beirut-based group named the Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Forces—called within hours of Ray's killing to claim responsibility. Ray had been executed, the caller declared, to prove U.S. involvement in a move "to defeat and massacre the Lebanese people."

French police claimed that the same type of weapon—a 765 mm Beretta—had been used in the assault, although by different hit men. While both were described as "Middle Eastern" in appearance, Hay's attacker was much

The staging dramatically underscored the difficulty of shielding Washington's 6,000 diplomats abroad from possible attack. While the state department

ment has endeavored to present its top envoys with bodyguards, it has so far failed to come up with a practical means of preventing lesser sojourns such as Ray from falling victim to his-and-hers guerrillas. As an embassy official explained, "Since we can't put a guard on every ordinary diplomat, we must accept the fact that they're sitting ducks for anybody who bears a grudge against the United States."

In the wake of Ray's murder, however, there were indications that Washington was embarking on an anti-terrorist drive of unprecedented proportions. According to administration sources, Reagan, on the urging of the Director, William Casey, National Security Advisor William Clark, and Secretary of State George H.W. Bush, had decided to let the centralized, secret intelligence agencies keep to themselves within foreign and domestic laws and protect the civil rights of the public. In short, Clark will be able to resort to "whatever measures are needed"—including the inflation of terrorist organizations—to combat terrorism.

Brigade insisted in that aspect of the program last week when, at a news conference, he said that infiltration was "probably the only defense against terrorism." Administration officials were surprised by the general's remarks but, as one top official told MacEachern, "It probably doesn't matter because groups like the Red Brigades must expect us to try infiltration anyway."

Although intelligence sources were unwilling to elaborate further on the plane, a former Defense Intelligence Agency official was more forthcoming. "An American could never infiltrate the Red Brigades at the FBI," he explained. "The agencies will have to work at winning over those who are already members or prospective members. It could involve blackmail and bribery. This is a dirty game."

One of the strongest supporters of new anti-terrorist measures is Yosef Alexander, director of the Institute for Terrorism at the State University of New York. "Terrorism is an established method of conflict," he said. "The US has not been force enough to protect its

businessmen and diplomats working abroad. Unfortunately, it has taken a tragedy to make the country do more."

Still, the new offensive is obviously a long-term one. And neither is nor a \$40-million program to increase security at U.S. diplomatic missions, which was announced that week, allayed the fears of Hag's colleagues in Paris about sleeping outside the embassy's walls. Said one: "Outside you're on your own. All you can do is pray that the next victim won't be you." But Ronald Reagan, it seems,

preparing to do far more than pray.  
With William Lowther in Washington.



with weapons to protect her power rather than the well-being of India.

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## Play it again, Indira

For opponents of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, the events evoked an overwhelming sense of déjà vu since the 21 months of emergency in the late 1970s had had their witness of an outpouring of force as the scale recorded Gandhian week. In response to a day-long nationwide work stoppage called by opposition politicians and unions, the iron-willed prime minister levied all the muscle she is famed for, ordered massive arrests of all suspected strike sympathizers. At week's end, the success of the fast was still unclear. But the sheer scale of those paid-at least one million-and number of arrests made it clear that the seedbed action was the next blow of defiance when Gandhi

the strike was called to protest against the National Security Act, which provides for government detention without trial, and the Essential Services Maintenance Act, which bars strikes in railways, communications and electricity workers — as well as those in other important industries. Although the targets of its effectiveness were heralded by the fact that two national newspapers, as well as many newspapers in the shadow, there was little doubt that the strike ended their strike. The overall picture that emerged

The use of depleted attendance at government offices, businesses and factories in Calcutta and throughout the state's northwestern industrial belt

There were also armed clashes in police and strikers in several centers—notably in West Bengal, where an open fire on strikers who were meeting with members of Gandhi's group 1— for India—party. Natan, at least 12 people were killed and 200 injured.

M. Basiruzz, president of the All-Defence Employees Federation, said the strike was a clear success by non-Gandhi workers and declared the working class of this country stood on its feet. "For their part, government evasions, pointing to such areas New Delhi where business had managed without major disruptions, proved the strike a failure."

the aftermath, critics of the government charged that the prime minister, resorting to the National Security Essential Services Maintenance Act, gave evidence to their claim that the function of the legislation is to serve his rigid grip on power. As the critics of India commented, 160 senior officials had been targeted since July, 1981, when the Essential Services Maintenance Act was passed, without it being used. In addition, the paper noted that the government is willing to extend "all a colonial road" rather than to extend "all a colonial road" rather than to

looks the act to break a strike currently under way at the nation's largest oil refinery. Concluded the anti-Gandhi Press: "This shows that the central government is willing to take draconian action only to meet a political challenge to its authority but not to avert the threat of organized blackmail against the economy."

One reason for Gandhi's fierce reaction to the protest last week was her deep-seated fear of a united front being formed by her political opponents. The prime minister is still badly scarred from her humiliating defeat by a four-party alliance in 1977 and her ensuing tussle—if temporary—experience in the political wilderness.

If she was hoping to repeat a repeat of that experience, Gandhi's harsh actions may have badly misfired. For the past year, the opposition leaders' efforts at unity have been limited to occasional dinners and seldom suggestions of alliance. But in the wake of last week's events, the three main opposition groups—the Lok Dal, Janata and Congress parties—announced an agreement to merge by the end of February.

Whether the prospective alliance will be seen as a viable alternative to Gandhi's rule, however, is still unclear. It will first have to dispel the image of incompetence the parties earned during their time in power from 1977 to 1980—a period characterized by bickering, but little action.

Not only that, popular discontent with Gandhi's administration is not nearly as widespread as it was before her 1977 defeat. The main reason for her current level of popularity lies in the nation's economic performance. Although the inflation rate is currently running at nine per cent, which critics charge is too high, India achieved no less than 8.5 per cent economic growth last year. The prime minister also recently launched a 20-point program for economic and social improvement in a bid to convince voters that she is living up to her promises of improving their economic well-being.

Still, there is a growing dissatisfaction, not only with the "deteriorating state of law and order," as opposition parties put it, but with the corruption and inefficiency that continues to characterize the current administration. Added to that, the group of advisers that Gandhi has chosen is widely held— even by some Congress I members—to be the weakest in modern history. As the newspaper India Today noted in the wake of last week's events, "Never has the time been riper for a united opposition to challenge Gandhi and the Congress I party." It remained to be seen whether the opposition will be able to capitalize on the situation.

—PETER NISBETT in New Delhi

## KAMPUCHEA

# The dry-season offensive



Khmer Rouge troops ready for a night prelude to another Vietnamese invasion?

The pounding of the Vietnamese 150-mm field guns and mortar fire broke the early morning Kampuchean calm. Raining down last week on Khmer Rouge guerrilla camps nestled in the mist-shrouded hills along the country's western border, the barrage brought mounting fire from the insurgents and an estimated 1,000 Vietnamese and Cambodian troops across the border and Thailand. Several days later, the seemingly fierce fighting had abated—only temporarily. But there was little doubt that the Vietnamese troops, grouping up the Kampuchean government of Heng Samrin had delivered the first blow in a dry-season offensive against the guerrilla jungles.

The question nagging the nervous Thai military, however, was whether the fighting was a prelude to another Vietnamese invasion of Thai territory similar to one that occurred in 1980. That invasion resulted the border troops to overflowing and caused clashes with Thai troops in an effort to avoid such an eventuality. Thai gunners fired volleys of their own.

But at week's end, firm estimates of the scale of fighting under way and predictions of the outcome it might take remained elusive. Western military analysts were unable to confirm initial reports that up to 1,000 Vietnamese troops were involved. And Western relief agencies and medical personnel visi-

ing the affected border area found no casualties to treat, although the ranges were filled with Khmer firecrackers. Still, few observers doubted that a major offensive had begun. Although Vietnamese troop strength at western Kampuchea was believed by military intelligence to be at about 10,000 per year, recent events had provided a clear warning of last week's actions. In early December, the Vietnamese were reported to be moving in more artillery and deploying troops in positions closer to the guerrilla-held areas. Later in the month, taking the offensive for the first time in more than a year, Vietnamese forces struck at Khmer Rouge supply lines in northern Kampuchea inflicting considerable damage and destroying or seizing large quantities of weapons.

The latest fighting had a disclosed significance. The Vietnamese selected as their target the major bases in what Khmer Rouge propaganda calls—to the considerable irritation of the Vietnamese—a "liberated zone." Clearly, the assault was timed to embarrass the guerrillas at a sensitive moment in their still unsuccessful negotiations with other groups on setting up a coalition government-in-exile.

Pointing to their standing as the strongest of the three factions, the Khmer Rouge have been seeking to strike a deal in which they would be the dominant force. At the same time their prospective partners, headed by the

member states of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, favor a more balanced coalition.

By striking hard at the military might of the Khmer Rouge, Hanoi may be hoping to eliminate the Guerrilla's main bargaining chip, thereby increasing their leverage among the would-be allies. If so, it will take a much more sustained and hard-fought offensive than last week's assault for the Vietnamese to accomplish their goal.

—NICHOLAS CARTER-BRICE in Bangkok

## FINLAND

# Europe's new man in the middle

In many ways Mauno Koivisto does not fit the mould of Finland's presidents. A quiet, almost retiring man, he eschews the pomp and show brought to the office by 81-year-old Urho Kekkonen, who continues to run Finland despite his ill health. More important, Koivisto is not the hand-picked successor of Finland's imposing neighbour to the east, the Soviet Union. But last week, Finnish voters set president aside and, in the largest turnout ever, delivered Koivisto a stunning victory in the nation's presidential elections. Koivisto's Social Democratic Party won 145 seats in the 200-seat electoral college—all but

assuring that he will be confirmed as president when the body meets this week.

Finland's conservatives clearly considered his appointment to be a certain victory. They had presented a candidate, Antti Kekkonen, son of newspaper and oil tycoon Urho Kekkonen, as the son of Finland's leading lady. His son, Mauno, however, Koivisto who as introducing a new era in the country's political life. While Kekkonen was as extremely strong man who wanted to get involved in everything," he commented, "Koivisto is likely to allow much more freedom for future prime ministers. The role of parliament will become more important. His victory represents a renewal in our political life."

Koivisto developed his "team-player" style—and his enormous popularity with the electorate—while serving in several previous public posts. The son of a car painter in the western part of Tarki, he worked as a stevedore before earning doctorates in philosophy and social science. Then, after starting a career in banking, he began a modest political career that led to his appointment as finance minister between 1966 and 1972, and governor of the Central Bank in 1986.

Koivisto's tenure in those posts is credited with producing Finland's economic success during the recession-strapped early '70s. He was appointed prime minister in 1979 and, when Kekkonen retired last year, was named acting president until last week's elections.

But if Koivisto is expected to bring a breath of fresh air to the domestic political scene, in another major area of responsibility—foreign policy—he will face severe, but familiar, restrictions. Few observers expect him to do little from his position as president. Kekkonen and J.K. Paasikoski, that policy calls for the maintenance of good relations with the Soviet Union under the terms of the 1948 friendship treaty, which gives Moscow the right to summon Finnish leaders for "consultations" whenever it deems it. At the same time, however, the president must maintain Finland's status as a democratic, capitalist country with expanding trade links with the Western nations.

Koivisto was clearly not Moscow's first choice. The 52-year-old's father had been former foreign minister and

Centre Party member, Ahti Karpalainen. That did not impress the party, however, which did not even select Karpalainen as its candidate. Moreover, Koivisto was regarded as too independent-minded by the Communists, and it was not until the final stages of the campaign that the Social Democrats began to encourage the general that Lemminkainen sent him as an emergency telegraph.

But last week it appeared that the Soviet bears would eventually prove unflooded. After his win, Koivisto told a press conference that he "intended to carry on Finland's traditional foreign policy." On that score at least, it seemed, Koivisto would fit well into the Finnish mould. —OCHRE MORSE

## MIDDLE EAST

# The 'Canadians' are moving again

In a sparsely-inhabited dusty Gas strip town of Rafah is asked the way to Gaza. Classified as a town down a narrow, paved road on the edge of the Sinai Desert. It looks like a clearing of desert bushes, where women carry baskets of vegetables on their heads, and boys play soccer on the sand. This, to the Arab population of Rafah, is Canada. The name is a legacy of the Canadian United Nations troops stationed there until they were ordered out by Egypt on the eve of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.



Abandoned houses and buildings in Gaza 20 houses split by the border



Koivisto: 'I'm renewed in our political life'

For the past decade it has been the Israeli-administered home of 525 Palestinian families, about 4,000 people in all, who were exiled from or overruled refugee camp as the other side of town by Israeli settlers.

Now it appears that these peaceful visitors of the Hebrew language will have to move again. Under the terms of the 1979 Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, Israel is to complete its withdrawal from occupied Sinai by April 25, and it is retreating behind a Gaza-Israel border first drawn in 1967 by Turkey's and British officers on behalf of their respective empires. Unfortunately, that line goes right through the middle of modern-day Rafah, leaving many of its residents, including the Palestinian "Canadians," on the Egyptian side. And the negotiators simply do not know what to do about them.

In talks in Cairo last week, Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon said Egypt for a slight change is the border that would put Rafah entirely within Gaza territory. Posing that, he said, Israel would discuss placing Rafah entirely under Egyptian sovereignty.

But Egypt is unlikely to agree to such a swap. It has already taken some minor steps in the border as it passes through towns to eliminate the worst problems. Cairo is determined not to accept any of Israel's 80,000 refugees into its care, so it is not expected to absorb all of the town. But at the same time it refuses to sacrifice Egyptian soil, so the border is unlikely to move the other way.

The two sides agreed last week to send a joint working party to Rafah this week to find "workable and practical solutions," but few of Israel's 80,000 refugees were optimistic about the outcome.

That is understandable. If the 1967 border is held, it will cut through about 20 houses, causing many to be split, farmers will have a house on one side and their well water on the other, orange groves will be separated from their orchards, "If destruction of buildings is the price of peace," declared Mahmoud Hassoun, whose nest and fruit stand is threatened. "I don't want peace."

For the refugees the outlook is even worse. Wherever the border is drawn, they intend to stay under Israeli administration. Almost all of their skin-baked men work in Israeli factories or building sites and they do not relish falling back on UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency) rations. Unfortunately, having an unexpected change in Egyptian attitudes, that will mean just another in a long history of moves for the 4,000 "Canadians." —ERIC SILVER in Rafah

## U.S.A.

# Decision time in Detroit



**Dealer's dilemma:** The industry is now ruled by the logic of self-preservation

By Michael Posner

**W**HEN it's more rugged than refined, a widely understood record of encounter talks between General Motors and the United Auto Workers died in Detroit last week. The discussions, taking place a full eight weeks before the expiry of the current labor contract, were launched 16 days earlier on a historic premise that the UAW would abandon normal wage and benefit increases in exchange for job security. In return, GM—and inevitably Ford as well—would pass on these savings by shaving its prices by as much as \$1,000. Unable to reach agreement, the two parties decided to suspend the talks. At week's end, however, union officials were meeting with GM and Ford executives in Washington, and after a closed session with another series of discussions was scheduled to begin this week.

Across the country, dealerships have been closing at a rate of three per day. Since 1980, more than 2,500 dealers have been squeezed out by a combination of high prices, punitive incentive rates, evasive accountors and the imposition of GM's and Ford's own strict business and German imports. By moving staff and overhead, most dealers have managed to survive. In fact, one irony of the present crisis is that, after trimming their costs, they had higher profits in 1981 than a year earlier.

Nevertheless, the sales-starved dealers cannot keep on indefinitely. From their viewpoint, an early agreement between labor and management is vital. Since the principle of cutting sticker prices in return for wage increases was first discussed earlier this month, GM sales have slowed precipitously. Says Frank McCarthy, executive vice-president of the 20,000-member National Automobile Dealers Association: "Car sales have stopped entirely."

The statistics alone are foreboding. Three years ago, the major American car manufacturers and every car that slipped off the production lines—fuel

oil, tires and gas producers alike. But since mid-1979, the industry's sales and employment charts have showcased a steep slide. More than a third of the reduced work force has been laid off, most as redundant earnings.

The sales records are no less gloomy.

A year ago, the most pessimistic forecast of American sales in 1982 was about 10 million vehicles, two million below the 1979 level. Instead, the industry sold slightly more than six million cars in 1981, its lowest total in 30 years.

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As a result, dealer showrooms from Chicago to San Antonio are like some eastern museums: the product is on display, but the interest of visitors is

purely academic. In Cincinnati, where the average daily quota of car sales is 280, one day last week only a single car was sold. "It is the most dismal of times," says UAW President Douglas Frantz.

In the next few weeks, GM, Ford and Chrysler are all planning large-scale plant closings. The outbreaks have affected more than the blue-collar ranks—some 25 per cent of Ford's salaried personnel have been eliminated. In December, the laid off 13,000 white-collar employees.

At the heart of the auto industry's dilemma lies the reality of cheaper Japanese imports: in some cases the price differential for some parallel models is as much as \$1,200. To trim \$1,000 from our profit per vehicle, industry management has said, it must price below cost, and that means selling at 60 per hour—by per cent. Such a reduction says GM's Frantz, is not only "economically unacceptable. We can't do it alone. Other people have to make sacrifices—the salaried personnel, the parts suppliers."

Without an agreement, that limits wage demands in return for job security, the prospect is that an increasing number of auto jobs will be transferred abroad—where labor and production costs are lower. Indeed, one central element of the agreement Frantz is seeking would permit GM and Ford to sign "out-sourcing" the work.

But even with a dramatic cut in sticker price, there are no guarantees of a sharp turnaround. Some 25 per cent of all new cars are purchased on time. If interest rates move up to their former peaks, as some economists have predicted, the GM-Ford agreement may be unviable. Frantz: "It's all a gamble." □

Posner: others have to make sacrifices



**Mc 21:** an offensive plane that would violate the 1962 Cuba agreement

WASHINGTON

## The 'wooden crate' factor

**A** lone bell was ringing in the White House over Cuba again last week. For the time being, Reagan had decided not to confront the Soviets publicly on the issue. Instead, he directed Secretary of State Alexander Haig to raise the matter privately with his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko, this week at their meeting in Geneva. This behind-the-scenes approach is favored because the president feels that if he were to publicly announce the existence of the troubling Havana photographs, he would immediately come under pressure to face down the Soviets. Not only that, hard-line Republicans could be expected to demand the removal of the plane, no matter what type they are.

President Jimmy Carter, after all, fell into a similar trap in September, 1978, when he demanded that Moscow remove a Soviet missile brigade from the island. But, unable to counter Soviet claims that the brigade had been present for years and was simply a training force, Carter had to back down and appear weak and indecisive.

Expanding the current administration's caution, one Reagan aide said: "We have to play this sort of situation with great care. If the crisis creates embassies for crusaded MG-21s like it really nothing we can do about it. We believe it would only be counterproductive to start a major protest. If, however, we could identify the plane as an MiG-21 bomber, then we have to take some action." At week's end it remained uncertain what the mystery of the wooden crates would be solved. But one thing was clear: Reagan was determined not to permit a replay of his predecessor's blunder.

—WILLIAM LOWMAN in Washington



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**T**he socialist broad-  
banging Rep. Gold-  
well Panthers is either un-  
aware or unconcerned  
that government postings  
overseas are traditionally  
politically plumb. Whatever  
the case, the firm is serving  
some of defeated Tory  
candidates and plucked  
Abrahams. Clarkson, 32,  
leaves her job as co-host of  
the CBC's top current af-  
fairs show, *After the Facts*, to  
be agent-general in Paris.  
After 17 years at the CBC,  
the ACTRA Award-winning  
journalist is returning to  
her adopted homeland  
and says Clarkson "Instead  
of being a closet  
French-sophomore, I can ac-  
tually go there and do  
something." Comfortably  
bilingual, she will repre-  
sent Ontario's trade and  
cultural interests. As well  
as trying to the French  
that "the eight million  
Canadians in Ontario are  
visible—we exist," Clarkson,  
a two-time novelist, also hopes to write again.  
Helping her will be com-  
panions John Keay, author  
of the best-selling *The  
Birds of Paris*, who will be returning a  
new work set in North Africa. It's a big  
change of life for a controversial per-  
sonality who was said she would like to  
be "the first big woman regularly seen  
on television." Laughs Clarkson. "Just  
united I've eventually end up in the  
bathroom glasses, blue-rim set."



Clarkson: sometimes forced to eat the failed facts

ton says, "Almost makes it worse." Matress to a Texas oil fortune, Clarkson can enjoy the people without worry. Nevertheless, she says her follow-up album will be "More statements and no more questions."

**W**hen **Joie Cotter**, a 36-year-old Texas pop singer, was asked the musical question "Are You Queen?" on her debut single last month, she wasn't expecting the controversy that immediately followed. "Fundamentally, as the West Coast have protested against the record, and gay groups have counterprotested," she says. "I think, in New York, it's the guys who don't like me and the straight people who approve." The heat didn't stop Cotter from righting such a wrong, which originally enjoyed a cult following when performed by the all-guy parades band *the Go-Go's*. But Cotter's version, recorded on a small Los Angeles label, has exploded into the most requested tune in Los Angeles radio station X105's history and will be released nationally. Radio station managers who have taken special offense are ordering their disc jockeys to play a censored version of *Joyce* which, Cot-

ton continues, "we've come a fair way." She adds, citing examples of "new terms such as sexual harassment—10 years ago it was called life." And at the moment's very pinnacle, still Stanton, are those few women who "are becoming the men we wanted to marry."

**A**fter three months of blissful employment at the CBC, veteran journalist **David Brinkley**, 61, is meeting the nose with his former employer. Not describing his ex-boss as "sly, sly, sly and full," Brinkley says he left after 25 years with the network because NBC "informed that I do topical news events [on *TV News*], which was silly. Anything important would have been seen already on the evening news, which was out just shortly before us. So I said no. They insisted I still end no. They insisted harder. I don't like being told what to do." The scheduling of his show also upset Brinkley. "They put us on opposite *Galaxy*," he says. "That was like lying down in front of a bulldozer." Now anchoring *This Week*, with David Brinkley commentator on specials such as this week's three-hour biography of **Franklin D. Roosevelt**, Brinkley has nothing but nice things to report about his new network. "It is an active, energetic, aggressive, lively, energetic and creative," he says, all in one breath. "NBC executives are pleased." At the 1980 convention, he

sat on the desk of our anchor booth



Brinkley: enthusiastic as ever, at ABC

and talked about how the new approach to the election coverage was the most "negative in years," says **Patricia Higgins**, director of news information. "To god that David is continuing his enthusiasm in his new job."

**C**anadians make three big mistakes when they try to cook French cuisine, says French expert **Anne Tronc**, 54. "They cook the food too long, they cook it too far ahead before serving, and they won't cook it simply enough." The culinary artist, who owns the *Restaurant à la Chinoise* in Roanne, France, recently showed us how to make a simple dish he reckons should be found when he's booked on a gastronomic meal of lamb and lobster, prepared in Marley's restaurant. The jovial **Oliver Marley** looks like a man who weighs 322 lbs ("all muscle") and bears a name that means "three people happily fed." Does not that think it is incongruous that he has made his reputation on non-fancy, lightly sauced nouvelle cuisine? "North Americans make takeout regard it as a diet cuisine," Tronc says. "I'm not opposed to rich sauces—just to heavy sauces, starchy with flour and other cheap thickeners."

**"I** have no idea how I came to sign such a bad letter," sighs **Secretary of State Edward Egan's** aide, Michael Becker, last week after he realized that he had unwittingly dismissed the Red Rebels in an event of little Cana-

dian significance. In his capacity as Egan's special assistant, Becker was responding to a request for funds from **Calgary's Doug McRae** to teach the 1985 centennial of Louis Riel's deceased wife, **Agnes** (McRae leads *St. Louis's*, a historical re-enactment of the troop headed by the famed Mounted Police ranger, **Sam Steele**, and Egan to research his men from Calgary to Batoche, Sask., the scene of Riel's final battle. He was so taken aback with McRae's response ("The federal government has no grants under which funding may be provided for anniversary other than those of a truly national character") that he took the letter to The Canadian Press. McRae was quick to apologize, as the phone and in writing, for not reading carefully enough the form letter he had signed. "When we formed the troop, people on the street thought we were Carter's cavalry," says McRae. "We thought we were just starting to be recognized"—obviously not by the secretary of state's office, which has now shunted the request to another department.



Anne Pothe and Canadiana in "Whalebone". This surely name is no longer a problem



**R**obert, the son of a couple of American racing champions, will be driving a Corvette in Vancouver, **Trans-Canada** and **Toronto** this summer on the Trans-Am circuit. "The feeling I get just before the race begins is exactly how I feel when the lights go down at a green," he says.

**P**at **Emerson**, 37, has been waging out the shock absorbers of the automobile industry since the late 1960s. "My mother's circle got a 'Year-  
of-the-Surprise,'" he says, referring to the inflicted bills some people receive after asking for an amount of change, "and I got into it." Various lawmakers have given great exception to Emerson's embezzlement. **Winnipeg Motor Corp.** paid him \$4 million when he called their first 240Z a handgun car. But **Edmonton** has never been sued successfully. As his **Memorial-based Automobile Protection Association**, **Edmonstone** says, "We have 33 lawyers. I guess we need 16." Stipendiating the 75,000 to 180,000 complaints and inquiries the APA gets every year, Edmonstone writes

an annual brief letter, **Lemon-aid**, and the Canadian **Lord of Gears**. He also helps raise claim action lawsuits such as the "Indelegible Payment," *Patent*'s revenge upon **General Motors**. "I love the strategy, the tactics, the pleading in small claims court. Next year I may write *The Art of Complaint*," he says. The court and suits of heating big business may be exciting, but Edmonstone's personal life can become a bore. "At parties, doctors and lawyers get me in a corner and say, 'What do you think of my wife?' When I tell them, they say, 'What do you know?'"

—WRITTEN BY BARBARA RIGGINS

## The caisse's bold but silent conquests

By David Thomas

When the province of Quebec's public pension and assistance funds were tanked into a nosedive about 17 years ago and burned miserably beneath the province's financial fireboards, the only concern was quiet concern. There, under cautious circumstances, the province's public pension and assistance funds were tanked into a nosedive about 17 years ago and burned miserably beneath the province's financial fireboards, the only concern was quiet concern.

money to the government at preferred (below commercial) rates and in amounts determined by the minister. The new man was closer to the political powers and went so far as to telephone Donier five Chairman A.D. Hamilton to obtain free advertising in the paper-maker's 1979 annual report that it was Donier's best interest that Quebec

ernment as their operating views diverged. With about \$2 billion in company shares, the cause controls the largest stock portfolio in Canada yet refuses to divulge major transactions as other investors are required to do. Even Paramount has called it "totally unacceptable" for the cause to refuse to comply with new insider trading rules.

fatherly management, the storehouse-caller, the *Caisse de dépôt et placement du Québec*—was meant to accumulate assets and earn interest as well as public trust. Recently, however, the floorboards have begun to buckle from the caisse's burgeoning \$14 billion in assets as well as the aggressive, even rebellious, control of its new *Édifice* boss, Jean Coutu.

At first, Compagny's actions as guardian of the family trust enhanced  
G

Our 100th anniversary is a time to reflect on a sense of mutual nation-building.

remain part of Canada. This, said Campion, was an affront to the campaign's biggest shareholder, the church, and

Compere began to move in other directions as well, even while becoming one of Quebec's most secretive powers. Although he began to put financial muscle behind government policy, he began to distance himself from the go-



on the Montreal Stock Exchange as long as the old mountains its temporary base of the course in Ontario. In January, On-

the authorities suspended the cause's right to trade. Not only that, the cause is summoned to face allegations that it took over Dusmar illegally last summer when the cause and another Quebec agency increased their joint Dusmar holdings to 40 per cent without reporting the purchases or offering other Dusmar shareholders an equal price. Campaign has refused to comment and cause communications director Gérard Bégin said will not explain how or when the Dusmar shares were acquired.

Ontario also alleges that the cause has not complied with "insider" rules by failing to disclose trades in the shares of Domtar, Textile Inc., Forage Inc. and Costar—companies in which it owns more than 10 percent. Ontario's lawyer

# BIRDS OF A FEATHER



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and former Supreme Court of Canada justice Yves Pointe, have been instructed to argue when the hearings are held that the cause, as a *Couesne* corporation, is exempt from consumer regulations.

The cause has been building for two years. One of the cause's original political parents is Eric Kierans, minister of resources in the Liberal government of Jean Lesage, who, with René Lévesque as his successor, have since created the cause. In 1972, after Lévesque stepped out of the Canadian Pression Plan and established its own provincial old-age security scheme.

Kierans remains a defender of the cause but is in a harsh critic of its general manager, who, he says, "is a living example of why you shouldn't give bureaucrats 10-year appointments." Kierans argued from the cause board of directors in May, 1978, against the *Perreault*'s budget speech statement that the cause would be required to lend \$1 million to the treasury and another \$400 million to Hydro-Québec. It was, Kierans argued, a usurpation of the board's authority.

The resignation, two weeks before *Québecois*'s 10th anniversary, was Kierans' only defect, tamed to shake public confidence in the government. "René was especially mad and hasn't forgiven *Québecois* since," he says. "I know that it was an appropriate time to do it if I didn't want a 'Yes' vote in the referendum." But his packing, if not his timing, Kierans insists, was motivated by concern for the cause. Says he: "Coupacou is going full speed ahead and damning the consequences. It's an extreme antisocialism."

Certainly, some of the big investment decisions made by *Québecois* appear to be motivated as much by old Québec government as by the practice of profit. Docteur, for example, had long been determined to manufacture a modernized English-speaking office in Québec while perpetuating its links to Québec to determine how. Now the company is under firm government control, with 50 per cent of its stock held jointly by the cause and the Société générale de Franco-Québec.

Some of the stock will be retained by the cause, with the rest in the hands of an as yet unnamed holding company which will also have majority ownership of papermaker Docteur Inc. The cause has thus managed the effective nationalization of Docteur and merged it with Docteur without anyone noticing—if the game was ever

another cause was with apparent political considerations was the takeover last year of natural gas distributor Gas Métropolitaine. Under its former owner, Northern and Central Gas Corp Ltd. of Toronto, Gas Métropolitaine had been harshly rebuked by successive Québec governments for its reluctance to expand Québec's natural gas delivery network. Since the cause took over,



Eric Kierans

Montreal streets seem to be under arrester as power shovels rip up the pavement to lay new gas networks. Meanwhile, the cause is gradually transferring its Gas Métropolitaine holdings to the Québec government's SOQGEP, petrochemical company—another quasi-nationalization.

The deal making accelerated in July, when the cause purchased its Québec ownership share of the province's printing industry. It paired with British Ltd. to form the Quebec Resource Inc., which took over Narrows Mines Ltd. In August, the cause helped lever Power Corp. Chairman Paul Desmarais into a position as the major shareholder and board member of Canadian Pacific Ltd., bringing the conglomerate under local, and French-speaking, influence.

All of this has been accomplished on the quiet. At the cause's Biennale, says Docteur, "Inside is Docteur or any other dealing in any other arena are concerned, we have not been requested in the past to publish them, and our annual report does not show what we hold. There is no obligation for us to be more precise than that." The floorboards are about to be pried up. □

## The CDC's southern paper chase

**T**he deal was something akin to a coming of age. In contrast to the wounded crisis and year when the Canada Development Corporation (CDC) spent \$1.5 billion to acquire Tonawanda Inc. and Admire Corp., of Canada Ltd., last week's \$75-million takeover bid by one of Sodic Corp. caused only muted murmur of approval in the business community. The agreeable bids were all the more remarkable because Sodic, with its headquarters, research and copy-making-machine manufacturing facilities all in the United States, seemed an unlikely buy for a company 65 per cent owned by the federal government and, until now, relatively directed toward Canadian ventures.

In fact it was Sodic that approached the CDC last summer when a merger with the U.S. arm of Olivetti, the Italian office-machine maker, fell through. After import-export funds made it difficult to design by the French Co. in Japan for some years, Sodic needed cash to boost its growth and to build a manufacturing plant in the United States. Although a Canadian company has yet to roll off the new assembly line in New York state, the adventure has so far run up \$216 million in debt.

While the Sodic balance sheet was not strong (it lost \$1 million in 1981), there were other attractions. In 690 dealers in the United States and Canada have made Sodic the second-largest photocopier distributor in North America. That network, says CDC President Anthony Harrington, might eventually be used to distribute products of other CDC-controlled office-machine companies—AIS Data Ltd., Worpel Corp. and Delphos Systems.

Sodic also has proven potential in new technology. In 1980, the company developed a small, high-speed, 30-page copier with a 50-page imaging system instead of the bulky liquidambers used in most copiers. The Sodic machine currently under development incorporates the Linxus process invented by a Canadian. Here, liquid toners replace the usual powders and the CDC hopes its Delphos high-speed printers can take advantage of the new copying process.

The purchase, says Harrington, is the CDC's last for at least the next year. He adds, "There's a tendency in some holding companies to go out and make suddenly acquisitions and then forget what they were." With the coming of age, mature restraint seems also to have arrived. □

DALE AUBREY

## SPORTS

# A 55-per-cent chance of a Super strike

By Hal Quinn

**A**s the type and hoopla of Sunday's Super Bowl 80 faded, a long, quiet, shaded and wind-blown space covered the trees in Pontiac, Mich. Super Bowl 79 was already a memory. America's most celebrated annual sporting event had earned its share of dollars for the hand-penned Detroit area, exceeded \$105,000 (U.S.) for 30-second TV commercials and netted the victory \$30,000 each, the vanquished \$10,000. But the money doesn't alter the dissatisfaction they share with players on the National Football League's 26 other teams. To that end, they may all go on strike. "We are up against a tough group, a monopoly, with a lot of weight behind it," Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association (NPLA), said last week. "We have stated our demands, and they have indicated that they aren't even willing to talk about it."

What the NPLA is after when it goes into a general contract with the team owners next July 15 is 35 per cent (at least) of gross revenues. The demand is unique in sports, and the figures are staggering. Based on projections for the 1980-81 season, the league will gross almost \$465 million. The players want \$80 million of that. If the seven owners fail to respond for a percentage of the gross, says NPLA Chairman Pete Roselli, "there could be trouble ahead."

The review attracted by the NFL, self-servingly demonstrated by pro football's America's number 1 game, Yet as Dave Magrory of the NPLA, who played seven years for the St. Louis Cardinals and is the first president of the NPLA, *One of The League*, says, "Of the four major professional sports [football, basketball, hockey, and baseball], football players are the lowest paid—not only in average salary, but in percentage of the gross." Hockey and basketball players near just over 25 per cent of gross revenue, baseball players take home more than 40 per cent, and football players more than 30 per cent. "In absolute terms the figures are ridiculous, a reflection of the state of our culture," says Magrory. "But in relative terms it's hard to imagine the players take their skates."

The "ridiculous" figures include av-



Ed Garvey (above), the Super Bowl trophy's reflection of the state of our culture



erage annual net team revenues of far more than \$14 million and profits of more than \$5 million (2500 figures). If the NFL players shared 35 per cent of that revenue, their average salaries would have just matched those of hockey and basketball players. With a new TV deal in the offing and pay TV anticipated by 1987, the revenue will render the adjective "ridiculous" grossly inadequate.

The battle lines are clearly drawn. As Garvey points out, "The owners see hundreds of millions of dollars down the road that they don't want to share with the players, and 90 per cent of the players have registered support for our proposal." In fact, a survey of the 1,532 players indicates the majority favours demanding more than 35 per cent.

Among other issues that will make the first meeting between the NPLA and the NFL's Management Council on Feb. 16 will be control over medical treatment and athletic turf. "The players are at the mercy of their own owners and desire to play," says Magrory. "They trust the system and forgive that the doctors are employed by the owners."

The Stanford Research Institute reports that there are twice as many football injuries on artificial turf than on natural grass. The players also want a hard look taken at their training ground—outdoor football. Most players attend college for four years, but 50 of the 5,000 infant players from 1960 to 1979, 65 per cent did not earn a degree. The NPLA characterizes college football as a first system that football occurs, while the other sports—in baseball and hockey, do not have to pay for.

Allied with, and strongly supported by, the AFL-CIO, the players' cause has been connected by the grandfather of U.S. unions. "One of the things our leaders was telling us the other night is that after 40 years of negotiating with Ford, the cause is still not responded," Magrory recalled last week. "We're not even at the no-negotiate stage. The league is trying to play us out. We're fighting for our lives." And that fight may require the use of the players' only weapon—a strike. "We have to realize that it might be necessary," says Garvey. "Players haven't worked."

# The limitless pay for play

By Trent Frayne

Once you get past the basic fact that no one should develop a hobby carrying the costs of not hitting a ball or shooting a puck, who's to argue that Wayne Gretzky is not worth \$50 million to the Edmonton Oilers over the next 10 years? If tens of thousands of people cannot be restrained from laying down their money all through the long cold winter to watch the previous child create a masterpiece, who better should sweep in the pot? As Jim Bouton, the renegade former pitcher, once reflected, "Neither the players nor the owners deserve the money, but the owners deserve it even less because nobody comes to watch owners play."

The question that does arise in the wake of this latest Gretzky pact (it's only three years since he stood at centre ice in beautiful Edmonton and signed a "lifetime" 21-year agreement) is what next in the wonderful world of sports? And the answer doesn't appear all that complicated: more of the same, only more so.

Once, the richest entertainers were movie heroes—Steve McQueen, commanding a million a picture, Marlon Brando demanding that much for a walk-on, Burt Reynolds expanding the improbable numbers to five million for one flick. But now the money needs are piling on. Playing the outfield for the Yankees, Dave Winfield staggers under bills and \$1.5 million a year. Mike Schmidt has agreed to stay at third base for Philadelphia for the next six years for \$90 million. Montreal's Gary Carter is prepared to leave the Expos next fall if owner Charles Bronfman balks at an eight-year deal for \$16 million.

Obviously, baseball players are rich and growing richer, and soon football players will be right there with them. Mr. Commissioner Peter Bonelli is currently negotiating a new television agreement with the three commercial networks that is expected to yield \$1 billion over the next four years. That money is split evenly among the 32 teams in the NFL; so the new agreement means each will collect more than \$32 million a season through 1985. That's before a single ticket is sold. Terrible, the players reflect.

But as these figures are, they may scarcely even be approaching the ultimate Larkins in the woodwork at the whole new concept of cable television, or say, TV. The football commissioner,

Jake Gaudauri, is already looking down the line to 1984, when he'll again be negotiating television rights in this country. Depending upon CRTC regulations, pay TV will be tall in his thoughts. Right now, the CRTC's three-year \$156-million deal with Canadian TV for TV rights has two seasons to run, so an arrangement supplying CTV-television with an annual \$600,000 each.

"Let's say that in 1984 there are four cable houses [in truth, there are already more than that] and that a solution is prepared to buy a pay-TV package," Gaudauri hypothesizes. "Let's say we can sell a CTV package to 250,000 houses across the country at \$1 per game. That adds up to \$80 million a year." For nine teams it adds up to \$2 million each. Before a quarterback throws a single interception.

The CFL is in a tiny league in a sparsely



populated country when any peers suicidally southward. There, a guy named Mike Lyons thinks about cable TV and starts to shiver. "Business eventually will be frightening," says Lyons, the general manager of Bob Grant's Minneapolis Vikings. "Suppose you get 30 a week from, say, 500 million homes with pay-TV. Fox Football will be like the movie industry, and players, like movie stars, will become as powerful that they will demand—and get—whatever they want."

Regulatory red tape will have to be worked out and battles fought with commercial networks but, eventually, pay TV will come to pass because the hardware is there. "We're going into a completely new world of television," says a man named John Ledingham, a radio professor at San Diego State University. "The processing is just now catching up with the dream and the technology. The systems to come would be beyond anything you can imagine."

They're beyond anything sports owners can imagine, too, but this doesn't stop them from clapping as they gaze. Bill Giles, who headed a group that purchased the Philadelphia Phillies for some \$80 million a year ago, is exploring ways to put the Phils on a channel the kids could watch. "Projecting 500,000 subscribers at one or two blocks a game for 80 home games, you're getting into a revenue-generating potential that's awesome," Giles sighs.

It is, of course, because of such prospects that owners like Giles are able to get their hands to their pockets when they sign players like Schmidt for \$30 million. Who knows how Peter Rocklinson, the Edmonton owner, weighs the benefit of participation of his upper lip as he lags off of Alberta at the feet of Wayne Gretzky's? Even if TV was right around the corner, which it's not, the players'反映 is that it's the bottom line some owners think is. For instance, Peter Bonelli, the former president of the Toronto Blue Jays, who has become a consultant in the whole area of satellite communications, makes no restraint. "I would put two caveats on the statement that pay TV is the salvation of sports," Bonelli says. "First, the players' unions will find a way to move the cost of their services up to fall in line with their newfound income levels. Second, especially in Canada, where we get so much sport on free TV, we're just not certain how many subscribers are ready to pay for more."

Meanwhile, move over, Burt.



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## A tower of babel for the classroom

By Andrew Nikiforuk

W here the bell rings at Klementau's Holy Cross Public School, Cathy and Alison Storchak pack up hats and mitts and enter two different worlds. Alison, 8, goes to a French immersion classroom, City, 11, a Ukrainian in Cathy's Grade 6 class. Students speak one language most of the day, even while calculating long division or learning about the solar system or for *Mystique*, a collection of Ukrainian short stories, poems, standard literature texts, and in physical education, Cathy does Ukrainian dress for folk dancing. "The more languages we have the better," announces the girl's mother, Elizabeth Storchak.

Each school day nearly 250,000 Canadian children study a language other than French or English—languages as varied as French-First, Spanish or Mandarin. It's called third or heritage language acquisition. And as an offshoot of federal government's 15-year-old multiculturalism policy, the programs have transformed some schools into veritable United Nations. With one in six Canadian-speaking languages a language other than French or English and immigration again on the rise (143,000 last year), demand has burgeoned. In most of Canada's public schools, bilingual classrooms are the norm. And English-language schools have also risen to the challenge.

third-generation Canadian Alberta DeGrawan, director of the Canadian Centre for Bilingual Culture and Education in Toronto, speaks in the heart of the matter: "To me the best Canadian is one who speaks the two official languages and the language of one's neighborhood." Catering to this surge of interest in heritage languages, provincial, federal and foreign governments have, often with MacEachern as a resource, taken this research

— but greeted the group's appeal to the Toronto Board of Education in 1959. Undaunted, the city's three trustees, who represent more than half of Toronto's school population, responded last fall with a draft report recommending that the board integrate the teaching of third languages into the regular school day, where numbers warrant. The board will make its decision

Instrumentalizing such programs would radically alter the province's much-enumerated Heritage Neighborhood.



<sup>10</sup>Government funding on climate change is the foundation of the multibillion-dollar

Such schools reflect the growing political power of second- and

Close on the heels of the highly charged debates on bilingualism, the spectre of multilingualism provokes similar bitterness. A host of exaggerated errors now enough is enough. Many parents fear third language teaching will segregate or balkanise the schools, while others insist that it will threaten the country's strategy and sap the doyen of the language. In the end, however, the programs will create second-class citizens unable to cope in any one language, others equally opposed, forecast the birth of a new multi-lingual elite.

Linguistic norms are particularly forceful now in Toronto. Medieval proposals by the city's Armenian and Ukrainian communities for "alternative school" status have stirred controversy even though the languages would be taught only as language courses. Cases of "glottolysis" and adulations on the tower of babel greeted the groups' appeal to the Toronto Board of Education.<sup>16</sup> Undaunted, the day's otherists, who represent more than half Toronto's school population, responded flatly to the Board's request that the board integrate teaching of third languages into the regular school day, where suchers war.

The board will make its decision

month—meanwhile, such bills could radically alter the well-established Heritage Foundation's political program—driven by the Conservative movement to garner the attention of voters before the 1977 presidential election. So far, the program has assembled 800 schools to a third of the province's school boards to help students representing 46 different linguistic groups learn languages as exotic as Urdu, Gagauz, Albanian and Vietnamese. But the courses run only 2½ hours every week—either after school or on Saturdays—hardly long enough for comprehensive learning.

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white, take their car from the West, where the third-language teaching movement began almost simultaneously in the early '70s. On the Prairies, where names like Rondeau, Knepp and Tolonenewa crop up in the provincial cabinets, the movement is faced a mixture of alternative education. These provinces ingeniously defused resentment against the federal mandate or bilingualism by giving parents a choice. In a 1973 election move, Alberta's Social Credit government answered the appeal of Edmonton's Ukrainian Businessmen's Association by changing the School Act so that any language could be taught up to 50 per cent of the time, depending on demand. The royal Ukrainian public school board introduced a Ukrainian-English class before its French immersion program. Now in Alberta there are 1,200 students enrolled in Ukrainian-English classes, 550 in Hebrew and 200 in German, while many more expect to join the proposed Chinese program. In Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where Canadians with either English or French backgrounds form the majority, similar legislation quickly followed.

Manitoba's Ukrainian program underscores researchers' claims that proficiency in the mother tongue can be pursued at school without impeding the development of English and general learning. With a comprehension rate of 76 per cent in reading and writing in Ukrainian, students are doing at least as well as their English peers, claims Terry Pritchett, president of Manitoba Parents for Ukrainian Education. Manitoba's Ukrainian students, mostly from English-speaking homes, study from materials supplied by the province and seriously carefully screened Soviet texts. Adds the province's second-language co-ordinator, Karen East: "Does it really matter in which language you learn about parts of your body or why it is moving today?"

Indeed not, says Toronto's expanding ethnic community. There, additional reasons such as a growing place of contact with relatives are cited for the benefits of third-language education. Deafness. Alberta DiGiovanna's eight-year-old son, Carlo, "I went. Whenever I go to Italy, I can talk Italian." Claudio Alce Roman, who delivers 16-year-old Alce to a Toronto Greek school for five hours every Saturday, "It helps her communicate with her grandparents and understand me better."

Such arguments do little to convince some members of the city's Anglo establishment. Toronto trustees and lawyer David Mell insists he would vote

Ontario boards, opposition to the existing program remains strong for both educational and narrative reasons. "Here in Canada you might as well become Canadian," contends Scarborough trustee Barbara Fox, whose board has repeatedly voted down the program.

The most vociferous former student in most programs also finds the fears and prejudices of eastern elites most language texts used in the Ontario program and appearing in Ontario schools across the country readily betray their animal origins. A Mandarin reader shows a family including the flag of Taiwan. Texas from India might be relevant to children born in India, but not to native Canadians, admits Jack J. Berryman, a consultant for Ontario's program. Program illustrations, who range from high school students to qualified teachers, are largely foreign-trained. So comprehensive is the Portuguese program that Portuguese grants entitle to students who pass exams that are used in the native country.

More worrisome is the role foreign governments play in language programs. The Japanese, Greek and Portuguese emulates, among others, and their emissaries by providing either funds or education offices. The Toronto school board has had to fend off the advances of foreign governments wanting to get involved in the Heritage Language Program, says a vagrant Miriam DiGiuseppe, the program's co-ordinator.

Another was point to the degree to which the federal multicultural ministry uses heritage language to promote the political strategy of multiculturalism in education, a potential resource. Through Cultural Development Program, it grants \$1.5 million every year to develop texts and train teachers for community-run language schools that teach up to 15,000 children. And if his ministry won't put money up to public school boards to generate programs, James Fleming replies, "If it winds up in the education system, that's good."

To parents and trustees the federal initiative looks like a typical political adventure to buy a few votes. Despite such machinations and the intrusion of such institutions as what some regard as a purely educational matter, advocates such as DiGiuseppe have not lost their perspective. "Use the multicultural for my needs, not the government's needs. I turn it into a good thing."

#### Reconciling with ABAI understanding Greek roots

against Ontario's Heritage Language Program tomorrow, let alone the idea of integrating it into the school day. "They make us, in particular, Athens or Herakleion," he adds, referring to a shelf in the city of Toronto. I say it's nonsense." Even parents with children in the program think integration might be carrying the mother too far. "What are the safeguards to the future of Canada when you develop a multilingual country?" After a while you forget you're Canadian," says Peter Water Colak of the First Ukrainian Pentecostal Church.

Many Toronto teachers are asked to see the language programs working at cross-purposes. Children may follow heritage language programs after school while studying English as a second language during the day. Teachers have even been known to sabotage the heritage classes by removing pencil sharpeners from their rooms. In using

#### Tests delay nationalistic streaks



With files from Steven Pichot



Paul Pichot/Postmedia News • The Great Experiment in space technology airs Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.

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## The northern lights probed

By Pat O'Connell

**W**hen ice sheets begin covering the Beaufort Sea and the sun no longer peaks over the horizon, most visitors to the high Arctic head for home. But not a team of 65 scientists and technicians from Canada, the United States and Scandinavia. To these specialists, winter—with its 24 hours of darkness per day—is the best possible time to study the elusive and mysterious "daytime" aurora borealis, the red northern light that dances in the arctic sky. And the barren coast near Cape Parry, one of Canada's northernmost outposts, is the most accessible place from which to conduct research on this poorly understood series of the Earth's magnetic field responses to the red aurora. After a month at Cape Parry, the scientists are now beginning to unravel and decipher miles of magnetic tape containing the data gathered back by the project's 50 rockets. When the Canadian group returns for a homeward-bound resupply later this month, the first stage in validating or disproving current theories will begin. "It's pure science," emphasizes Pekka Kristensson, chief Canadian scientist of the joint effort. "But we're getting at very fundamental knowledge: how the atmosphere retains its integrity, how we are shielded from outside influences, and how we are managing to survive on this planet."

So far, the conflicting findings gathered from space and ground observations have given rise to differing theories about how the streams of protons

being "CENTAUR is the most ambitious and best-organized attempt to make extensive measurements on many different aspects of the daytime aurora." The Canadian contribution is about a third of the \$4-million price tag.

During the past decade, while studies of the aurora borealis and the Earth's magnetic field have added on the broad outlines of the picture emanating from the Earth's magnetic poles are flows of magnetic force that surround the Earth like a magnetic bottle. If it were visible, this "bottle," or magnetosphere, would appear as a bandup to 30 times the size of the Earth, with the rounded end always facing the sun and the tail fading off into infinity on the night side of the planet, while the dwarfed Earth sits inside it like a suspended marble.

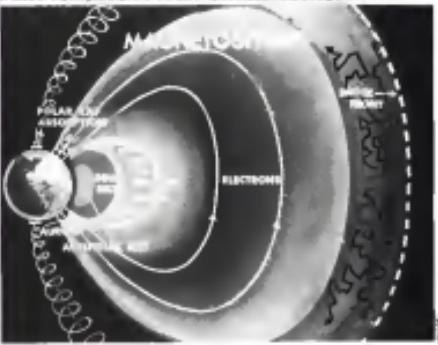
The main benefit of the magnetosphere, as far as scientists can tell, is to shield the Earth and its atmosphere from daily buffettings by the solar wind that rips away from the sun during solar magnetic storms and barrels toward the Earth at a pace approaching the speed of light. If the magnetosphere were not present to repel and capture these particles, they would wreak havoc on the atmosphere, generating dangerous radiation and destroying the delicate ozone layer, which filters the sun's ultraviolet light.

But as it is, the solar wind gives rise to the most striking and mysterious phenomena in the night sky. For generations, the Inuit have imagined the dancing northern lights, or aurora, to be a celestial ball game and have warned their children not to play outside at night—above all, not to whistle

and electrons know an easier road enter the Earth's magnetic field. Also in question is what impact this further exertion has on the atmosphere. And although sounding rockets have pursued the daytime aurora region before, a concerted overview has not emerged.

Enter project CENTAUR (Cleft Electropes, Transports and Ultraviolet Radiation), sponsored by Canada's National Research Council (NRC) and the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). Says Crea-

A slice of the magnetosphere: the Earth sits inside it like a suspended marble



Otherwise, the sky people, always on the lookout for new tails, might swoop down to chop off their heads. The electrons, said Kristensson, "will cause auroras in more places. The trapped electrons and protons in the solar wind, remember, believe, stream along lines of force to a vast reservoir at the near or night portion of the magnetosphere. There they become accelerated and energized. (The CENTAUR data should help to explain why.) As the energized solar particles interact sharply with molecules in the atmosphere, they produce cascades of grey, green, purple, or red light, the color depending on the altitude and energy of the particles.

But one main target of CENTAUR's experiments was the reddish aurora on the opposite, or daytime, side of the Earth—visible only at midday during the winter in the polar regions. This unusual aurora is red because the particles entering it have less energy and are at very high (above 300 km) altitudes. The aurora's most recent target of interest was a bizarre target of its own: a dark, jagged, or apparently "hole" in the aurora, which some scientists believe to be the main entry point for the solar wind. There are, in fact, two "holes"—called cusps or drifts—in the magnetosphere, both facing the sun, one near the north, the other near the south magnetic pole.

If the solar wind does enter the magnetosphere at the cusps, then scientists will have to discern exactly what sorts of particles come in and how they enter. While scientists know that the solar particles have not merely been building up inside the magnetosphere for years, they are unsure about how the particles are kept balanced in the Earth's atmosphere. Perhaps some form hydrogen atoms, others may blow away. The energized particles that create the aurora, according to experts, probably travel out in the direction of the moon. Ultimately they may connect with magnetic fields from the sun or from elsewhere in the galaxy.

Intent on untangling the wadde, the CENTAUR team sent 50 rockets soaring through, and over, the red aurora and the top of the cusp. On board were sensitive instruments to measure magnetic and electric fields, temperature, radio waves, optical properties and the energy and mass of the particles. During their 15-minute flights, the rockets recorded data back at a rate of 200,000 numbers per second, totaling more than 164 million pieces of information per rocket per flight. The raw data from science may also generate some practical information. Shortwave radio fans may learn why the solar wind interferes with radio transmission. In addition, some clues may emerge to explain how, if at all, solar particles influence weather patterns. □

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# Uranium triggers a public clamor

By Michael Clugston

**N**ova Scotia hasn't seen a scandal like this for years. Norma Flynn, a nursing home worker, has rounded up the names of some 400 neighbors as a petition against uranium mining. People who have never before defended a cause, among them Wolfville physician Wayne Phillips, have joined to put the protest. Elizabeth May, a veteran environmental crusader from Halifax, is back at the barricades and reports, "We've never seen anything like this public involvement." Adds another recruit: "I feel as if I'm part of the Salvation Army." The forces

—including county and municipal councils and the United Church—have joined the formation of some 12 community groups. With Premier John Buchanan expected to announce a public inquiry into the issue shortly, the debate is reaching a climax. It is already focusing attention on the recent rejections of uranium mining in B.C. and Labrador.

The protesters fear that a uranium mine could pollute the air, soil and water with radioactive poison. They cite an accumulation of studies showing that low-level ionizing radiation causes premature aging and exacerbates the health problems of people who suffer

from diseases or heart disease (among other ailments). Other studies find low-level radiation to give an alternative. Distributed by the evidence, the Nova Scotia Medical Association has called the provincial government to examine the health risks closely before permitting mining.

To all this Kidd Creek's Jake responds, "There's a huge body of scientific evidence on the other side." He argues that there is no evidence of genetic damage from the Hiroshima and Nagasaki explosions—although many geneticists claim that much of the evidence has been suppressed—or from workers poisoned by pasting radon dusts on watches in the 1950s.

But more important, says the company representative, the Crown-owned firm's technology would prevent any pollution. The main environmental threat in uranium mining comes from radioactive tailings, which would cover about 10 acres of Millit Brook if raised



May (standing, left) and compatriots: feeling like part of the Salvation Army

in raising an end of frustration at the Windsor end of the road to uranium at the Kidd Creek site, which has spent \$6 million looking for uranium. Ray John, of the company's environmental and safety department, laid up a bottle of brilliant yellow liquid uranium in one hand and a jar of greenish uranium tailings in the other. "This stuff is simply not dangerous."

Since 1973, when theoretical models suggested significant uranium deposits in the province, more than a dozen companies have staked out 11 million acres and begun exploring. Because Nova Scotia's mineral potential is unique in North America, they expect to find in and other valuable metals as well as low-grade uranium. So far only the Kidd Creek site at Millit Brook, about 50 km west of Halifax, has shown much promise, but another year's drilling is needed to settle the question. Although no mine could open before 1988 at the earliest, a public clamor over exploration has ignited 30 opposing arguments

from diseases or heart disease (among other ailments). Other studies find low-level radiation to give an alternative. Distributed by the evidence, the Nova Scotia Medical Association has called the provincial government to examine the health risks closely before permitting mining.

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Norma Flynn (left) and her son, Jake, with other protesters in front of the provincial legislature in Halifax. Flynn is the leader of the opposition to uranium mining.



DEBORAH ALLEN/WHITE STAR/CONTRAST  
TOP: NORMA FLYNN  
SECOND: KIDD CREEK MINES



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# Mr. Trudeau's Polish ramblings

By Barbara Ansel

I was closer from the start of last December's interview that Mr. Trudeau must make, exercises a crushing influence on Poland—one that is both military and economic. By now it is unnecessary to document the military threat presented by Soviet troops both inside Poland and masses of Polish borderers. If the Canadian view is that this military pressure represents "sovereign status," then perhaps we should add that this pressure is also economic, according the details of blackmail from the Criminal Code.

But the prime minister would have seen of this trapdoor. "Well, what are they arguing? That it was better to have the Communist party in Poland continue in office, avoiding the Solidarity strike with what?" We see reasons in Canada are always asking for more. I don't suppose the same movement in Poland is very different. . . . hopefully the military regime will be able not only to keep Solidarity from extensive demands but keep the Communist government from extensive regression."

Had such an exchange taken place publicly he would be a welcome figure to the people and the president of the United States or the British prime minister, an unlikely row would have sprung. These might even have been calls for retribution or separation. In Canada there was only a follow up press conference, given by External Affairs officials who, enlarging on Trudeau's thesis, spoke of the surprising "degree of tolerance" Moscow had shown by not intervening in Poland. Canada, and the officials, and Moscow's involvement in the Polish crisis as merely applying a little "sovereign status" on that realist country. It was not only the conclusion of this line of reasoning that was extraordinary, but the reasoning behind it.

In order to follow Trudeau's argument, it is necessary to accept his statement that there is a relationship between the Polish Communist party and the present military regime. This is potentially absurd. For one thing, it was Wojciech Jaruzelski, the leader of the Polish Communist party, who summoned Wojciech Jaruzelski, the premier of Poland, and told him to call in the military council headed by

Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski.

For another, the Soviet Union, as Mr. Trudeau must realize, exercises a crushing influence on Poland—one that is both military and economic. By now it is unnecessary to document the military threat presented by Soviet troops both inside Poland and masses of Polish borderers.

If the Canadian view is that this military pressure represents "sovereign status," then perhaps we should add that this pressure is also economic, according the details of blackmail from the Criminal Code.

Even more damning is the economic

of very fine sand. In exchange Hungary ships food to East Germany and hardware to Czechoslovakia. Then we get back microscopes from East Germany and cars from the Czechs, which we ship to the Soviets. And in exchange we get another load of top-quality very fine sand of sand."

The top quality sand the Soviets gave the Poles after the "aid" agreements concluded with Poland finally to the mounting Polish debt. It also contributed to the decision to use sand as a defense measure of Poland. By insisting that the Soviets could defend Western Europe and maintain the Trojan horse's diet of Western currency and trade.

In the end, that seemingly cruel deception by Moscow was blithely ignored by Trudeau. Instead, what we heard from our prime minister was a replay of New Left politics. These policies not only refuse to accept reality but demand reality's falsification. Such an approach was manifest in Trudeau's suggestion that Soviet imperialism in the Eastern Bloc is the same as U.S. imperialism in Central America. Or that the pro-Solidarity move in Warsaw is the same as the

problem union issue in Canada. One can't help wondering the next time a trade union here decides to endorse a new political party, whether the prime minister will call out the troops.

At the heart of Trudeau's comments, however, is the false dichotomy he sets up. Essentially, he is arguing that the only choice the West has is to endorse martial law or go to war over Poland. There is another choice: it is possible to sensible friend what is happening in Poland. It is possible to end the effectiveness of Moscow's Trojan horse and not feel Canadian grain and credits—a request Solidarity itself has made. It is ludicrous for our prime minister to speak of the "economic" demands of the Poles when they are not asking for a loan that will allow the people who make one of central Europe's finest agricultural countries to be able to buy a load of bread on demand.

But then perhaps Masson's "sovereign status" has reached far beyond the borders of the Warsaw Pact.



## BOOKS

# Playing with figures in a world of smoke and mirrors

THE MONEY LENDERS  
by Anthony Sampson  
(General Publishing Co., \$17.50)

**T**HERE are themselves as the quintessential capitalists, these international bankers, carefully assessing projects and placing loan money at risk around the world. Nonsense, says Anthony Sampson, there is a herd instinct at work in all of this that causes little chance of failure. Worse, as he points out in his new book, *The Money Lenders*, at the way that bankers have taken over the world—leaving nations and individuals, forfeited the elsewhere. There has been, he writes, "stealing on a far greater scale than the most incompetent and greedy could have dreamt of—whether they went to the private coffers of President Mobutu in Zaire, to bribes to Indonesian officials or to the Communist party funds in Warsaw."

The herd didn't always exist. The

first major syndicated loan (where a number of bankers joined to share the risk, which is how most major international loans are handled) was in 1969 when Iran borrowed \$60 million (U.S.). After that, the bankers found plenty of eager countries willing to borrow. While the bankers of the 19th century made money available for railroads and other nation-building schemes, Sampson says that today's bank is just dealing, having ended investment in the industrialists.

The loan agencies are staggering. Bank of America each year lends \$25 billion (U.S.). And the repayment problems are equally staggering: for the likes of Peru, Turkey and the current hot spot, Poland, which \$27 billion (U.S.) is owed and interest payments have fallen behind. While the banks might seem an individual's farm they will never damage a country bankrupt because the sums are too large. Says Brazilian expert Celso Ming in explaining why

bankers constantly restructure country loans: "If I owe a million dollars, then I am lost. But if I owe fifty billion the bankers are lost."

While Sampson has walked the world and passed behind the shrewd ledger eyes of the bankers, this is not as good a book as his groundbreaking study of



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Kishki, Lance McDonald: reptilian horror

to strike at any moment. Inside the house are two kidnappers (Oliver Reed and Klaus Kinski) holding the unfortunate son of a wealthy hotel-chain owner hostage. Hot-headed Reed has already that a pallbearer; the boy's grandfather (Sterling Hayden) has already arrived on the scene, and a conspiratorial rattle, played by the banjoist Bevan George, has already left the black master's jaws. (Her desire should go on record as one of the most hideous all time.)

Screen Writers, which has been fantastically directed in a no-nonsense movie, it comes as no surprise that a good director (Gérard Majax) arrives with the antennae. Through a ruse she too is pulled into the confounds of the house to prepare and wait for the black master with the seat. (Despite the detective, embodied by the nutty Neal Williamson, who seems incapable of a boring performance, in disturbing with the villains and sweating the intertangles away.)

The real villain and star—of the piece is the black master himself, as vicious and mean she could be the anti-christ. The actress has kindly endowed her with her own point of view (a fatherless) and a sort of imperial domineering human addition. When she makes her way up a wounded Oliver Reed's just leg and torso are likely to squeal theatrically. And at the end, she leaves a little present. Undoubtedly, we will find out more about that in *Version II*. —L. O.P.

## DANCE

# Stuck in the middle again

Witnessing a performance of Les Ballets de Montréal is much like watching a "diseuse"—clerk work magi into a quasi-religious father of shimmeying, shaking, prancing and high-kicking. Spurned by serious dance lovers, the company serves a constituency of fans who expect bold action, sex and lots of thump-a-dump musicality. With the subtlety and physical expertise of most artists and critics from "Within This House" out, Les Ballets' Jane Field is a marvel. However, this popular but unimpeachable company has ambitions to be taken more seriously, especially by the Canada Council which has denied it operating grants, saying its product is commercial show-dancing. Unfortunately, as it began a three-month tour of Canada and France in Toronto last week, there were still grave problems of artistic credibility.

To begin, with the company's choice of music is obviously low-brow and self-defeating. Featuring kitz-grinding disco guitars along black leather and boys in black stretch pants, the opening number, *Shades of Jet*, was a rather clichéd rendering of some orchestrated music. *One Koresh*, two other pieces, *J'irais danser* and *Le Professeur*, also used distorted jazz forms closer to rhythm and blues, pop or rock (ironically, where the jazz is *Duke Ellington*, Paul Robeson and Ray Brown enter). *La Machine*, the title piece, recaptures seemed only distantly inspired by the music.

A major problem is that the choreographers, accustomed to creating

show-dance spots for stage and TV, seem to think in short segments. This was particularly true in the longest piece, *Le Professeur*, a crazy hub of dance and musical style. A brilliant pas de deux with Anne Bennett and George Randolph showing a racy balletic vitality was suspended between two moments—a slightly irrelevant touch of jazmin. There was another odd shift of mood with the rhythmic-and-thus-of-black-dancer Marie-Dominique Charbo. After a hobbie-voiced solo, the dancer entered with a Hadouken in the half-time break, with Randolph as the dead in white suit, the former Fred Astaire parody.

It became disconcertingly obvious that, with the exception of the dancing Lynn Shepard, the dancers most capable of working inside the music were the three American-trained black dancers, including Randolph. Their physical smoothness and joyful showmanship helped to elevate the largely inauthentic South American compositions, such as the *Alon Alay* Americas Dance Theater, make a fine use of pop star music, overriding even the weakest music with gaudy theatricality. For Les Ballets Jane Field's difficult because few of the dancers are rooted in the musical culture they attempt to bring along. There's the possibility of connecting the problem with an education from the past. Jane Field's solution would be a refinement of thematic and choreographic basis until they find a richer vein of expression. —JOHN RYER

Dancers in 'La Machine': quasi-religious father of shimmeying, shaking, prancing



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McLeay of McLeay: Challenging the piano as the basic tool of composition

## Melodic and rhythmic ghosts in the machine

Playing an airbrush and a cup of coffee on the glowing black console.

David McLeay sits down to compose. One hand plays a simple riff on the piano keyboard while the other darts across the typing keyboard and dances up and down the mouse chord. Fingers flickering between the keys, he adds a bass line, a chord pattern, a trill, a key change and each layer of the music is orchestrated by a computer. He types the word "Transcribed" and the chords are repeated by what sounds like a steel drum, leading the Mountie-like melody into a coda.

Then, with the push of a button, an elaborate musical score of his composition appears on the video screen like a trail of fluorescent-green footprints: the notes written in sequence, punctuated with slurs, bar, clef and key signatures. His final track is transferred to a page. A mechanical pen starts to "lighten" across a page, neatly scribbling the score into perfectly publishable notation.

The machine, named after its inventor, is a musical computer system that uses the mind of the McLeay. Essentially, predicts the 34-year-old Toronto musician and composer, it will replace the piano as the basic appliance for composing and arranging. A virtual Cuisinart of sound instruments, the McLeay can rapidly slice, dice and chop out a complex arrangement into scores for separate instruments. "Things that used to take hours and even days can be

achieved in a blink of an eye," says Y. Gilbert, music professor at New York University, home of one of the country's largest music faculties. "His versatility surpasses any other synthesizer on the market and completely changes the way we look at the piano."

By simplifying the process of composition, it allows the composer to spend more time being creative. "After parts of musical training," says McLeay, "why should you spend time messing with a bottle of ink?"

Although there are only three models in existence, demonstrating his idea already secured a spot among artists, ranging from jazz musicians Chick Corea to singer Steve Wonder. Bassoonist Tadeusz, the Toronto firm that manufactures and markets the instrument, expects to sell 300 of these this year, and 15 are slated for delivery this spring, all but one to US clients. Costing anywhere from \$20,000 to \$30,000 (depending on options), the McLeay is in a mid-range, 20- to 25-channel, digitally controlled, analog synthesizer to a computer memory board, a sprung panel, a video display terminal and a pen plotter. The device model can reproduce 4,000 sounds, including the sounds of 138 instruments at once and store up to 15 million notes. A computer can "step" through a complex piece of music without worrying about tempo, then have the machine play it back in perfect time—faster, slower, backward, upside down or inside out.

—HELMUT J. JENSEN

While computer synthesizers have been around for 20 years, the McLeay is one of the few to be designed for the musician rather than the technician. Avoiding the usual mass of knobs and dials, it takes commands in plain English. "The computer should be an intuitive to the musician as the hammer and lever are to the piano (so) inhere to the piano," says McLeay, a conservatory-trained musician from Nebraska. His invention evolved from ideas for an M.S. thesis he was preparing at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago 15 years ago. Building himself a computer system, he built a keyboard, a sequencer and a sequencer system, tying it to his invention. Although his original prototype failed three times, the current product has 80 times its capability and will fit into a car.

Such technological advances in music provide optimism from people who feel technology will become a substitute for talent. But McLeay cautions his invention is not a "toy." "You have to be a musician to play it," he says. Indeed, the machine has been heralded as a valuable teaching tool, and a quarter of Blasone's orders have come from American universities. But Jim Tenney, a composer and music professor at Toronto's York University, says he is suspicious of any trend toward musical automation. "I think there's something to be said for making composition difficult, not done by people who are devoted to it and know that they're not going to get rich from it."

Today, he says, the McLeay "may be too sophisticated." Eddie Sosig, a New York composer at the frontier of computer music, does not consider the McLeay the last word in synthesizer power even though she has ordered one. Sosig, whose work was selected this year with the "Young Composer," says the McLeay is dependent upon orthodox tonal music and notation. One of her goals is to create sound patterns of DNA molecules, and she feels the McLeay may not be flexible enough.

The machine's appeal, however, is to the musicians of the music industry, such as pop groups, soundtrack composers and jingle writers. "What interests me," says composer Peter Jarmul, music co-ordinator for CTV, "is being able to write really good arrangements and edit them along."

Ironically, McLeay, who originally came up with the invention to expedite his own work as a composer, now spends most of his time deconstructing it to reconstruct clients. "Years ago when I was a naive young man," he sighs, "I thought I could spend a few thousand dollars and have a new musical instrument to play. But no, I have to go out and show it to the world."

—HELMUT J. JENSEN

## Still cruising the high Cs

In the dead of a Sunday morning outside Toronto's Maitsey Hall, scores of hopefuls hopped out onto Steeple Street and Bloor Street to do a quick 15-second run. A Van Halen concert at the hall, 27 March, by the Canadian rockers, Leneine Peacock and with Wayne Gretzky and the singing Edmonton Oilers at the hottest ticket in town, kept the place in the chandlery coliseum bid as high as \$200. An announcement that several hundred additional seats would be set up onstage brought frustrated fans out in the arctic chill (despite undercating the cases of guitars, who was still forced to stand their tickets at face value).

The balaclavaed and muffled stage was also endorsed by other reasons—which proved less accurate—that, while Peacock's fame grows, his ringing tenor instrument is not what it once was. There were faint hints that the same style in which the 46-year-old tenor sounded was beginning to flag at the edge—the "king of the high Cs" had shifted to B-flats. Also, plagued by a cold, Peacock had dropped out of appearances in August and with Louise Miller at New York's Metropolitan Opera. Peacock's command, tenor, empathy

in preceding weeks,

the ungodly ungodly was that he might be forced to cancel.

But shortly after 1 p.m., his familiar balaclavaed tenor, in all glory, white handkerchief tucked into his belt, Peacock strated onstage and finished his £200-a-concert until there was time for the gluttonous, portentful folk caricatured in *The Globe and Mail* the day before, a portrait that reportedly enraged the singer. Once again, Peacock had cleaned himself down to respectable operatic buffo and, for singers, excess avodisage is a carriage for resonance and envoicing projection.

Two Maitsey arisas scheduled to open the show were bunged in favor of less exciting selections—except for a few brief trials from the 18th-century Italian soprano, tessitura with the most folds room is open, and shimmering up. But when Peacock began three arias, there was no doubt of his

command, his taste and his empathy. The soprano from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, with the great crescendo and clash at the end, was almost as thrilling as when he recorded it 15 years ago. Blaz's *Agave* was fervent, weighty, down to earth and unashamed. And in Schubert's *Der Erlkonig*, a trademark of such as Renata, the tenor turned his back on the hall to sing the second verse to the orchestra who managed to secure last-minute berths in the stage. The unshy, joyful sounds of his vanishing partitions made the huge auditorium and made one wonder why his reputation was built on tenoristic headnotes.

The second half of the program was mostly devoted to those marvelous round choruses by Testa, a writer of Italian popular songs. Peacock's renditions demand the shade of the wailing eye or the keep in the throat triggered by both sensuality and pain, and proved that even the most freighted can be sung. There seems to exist a monopoly on the blithely nostalgic, accompanied by the Italians and the Irish. John McCormick, an exemplary MacCannister, could raise tears with "Mother MacCannister" and Benito Gigli was as quick with a heart-wrenching solo as any drover. Sure, they could not help but applied their genius, Peacock. His version of *Die Cradle*, *Forza a Svegliarsi* made one want to sing the passage to the wistful south of Italy.

Peacock's inspired shares almost, if not quite, obliterated questions about his phrenomenon. Detractors have groaned that his preoccupation with obesity has made him indifferent to mere rentals, that performance counts more than looks, that operas now, *Traviata*, there are practicing tenors as good, if not better. Placido Domingo's voice is deeper, and has more power, and Jim Vickor's rustum for navigating a herculean powerful voice through casts of great descriptive subtlety is unparallel. But Peacock is a new opera's Ambassadur at Large, the first such male star since Caruso. It has a lot to do with that understated quality, that sheek called charisma.

—BILL McVAN

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## Consequential consequences

By Allan Potheringham

**T**he reason so many Canadians cannot stand Margaret Trudeau is that she realises, subconsciously, that the snuff has such an effect on the political future of this country. It would be all very well if she disappeared into the dimensions of the Gobblers, or even a sort of teenage Elizabeth Taylor. But only for the *National Enquirer* and the hard-rodders. Alas, we all realise deep down that the world's youngest and most beautiful sharp-tongued diva is still a factor in the tortuous litigations of our most tempestuous prime minister, helping out Blaiklock King on points only in Blaiklock's latest postholder and will forever remain an anagram in the Terrible-Of-Pierre nail-biting-trivia drama of whether he retires or stays on to Baffin our way forever.

After a relative silence of these years—the collective public bailing on breath is anticipation that the entertainment was over—she has larched forth with her second book in the continuing saga of all the things we were afraid she might sell us. And she has sold it. Her predecessor of the Defend-Myself League is dead from two more days of humble service than that her first time. *Second House*, in fact, was authorily mythologized in that it sold more about P. Trudeau than it did about M. Trudeau. The slush-and-flush of the newspaper excerpting missed did not do her justice, a reading of the complete book revealing quite a different story, quite an honest feminist poking through the indirections.

Well, we finally admit, we want to resign from our role, rolling our eyes into the moral mire and sucking our teeth at the latest blubberings at the expense of making a buck. But Motor-mouth of 1982 has inserted herself back into the political spectrum, ensuring that her husband—perceived as the innocent, silent victim—will tap up mounds of public sympathy from an outraged public. *Alas, Potheringham is a columnist for Southern News.*

The lady is no longer better in our political life than Joe Why.

Margaret's sin, in the public eye, has nothing to do with the laundry but of course she lays out for us. The fact that Jack Nachshon taught her one evening past how much more there was in the back seat of a Duster is not in the scheme of things, of great consequence to those forced to startle verbal diarrhea. Her intriguing revelation of what happens when she stands up on the toilet seat in the man's drawers in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel will not jeopardize the constitutional drama. Her

comments on her husband—"a parsimonious man old enough to be my father?" The public will never forgive her in the knowledge that her three sons are now 18, 16 and 14 and can read and have school chums who can read. The bitchy comments about the "superior" tastes of Margaret McTeer only confirm the Stocky 14 mind. What is amazing is something else altogether.

The consequence of *Consequential* is that Pierre Trudeau, lucky Pierre, comes out on top once again. The wave of public sympathy that washed over the world's most famous single parent following Margaret's Rolling Stones era is about to pound in again.

The man cannot lose for winning the dandified Canadians in 1968 as the worldly but virile who has gone with softening teenagers, the rich, cerebral vagabond who drove a Mercedes and stood on his head at parties. The voters were entranced.

When his political appeal began to pull, there was the underhanded connivance of the *Montebello* 22-year-old mistress. The *Montebello* further proved followed as political opponents shook their jaws in frustration and the headlines crept about a man who could produce two children on Christmas Day. When Margaret did her thing in the deluge of the *London* talkfest and her husband stood with such superb grace and dignity, public sympathy and political fallout washed all his way. In each phase—bachelor, newlywed, father, abandoned husband—he has intrigated the public and garnered votes.

Now, just as his political appeal is fading once more, we have giddy Maggie and more push! ... I tried to sort out any confusion in the boy's mind about values and ethics. By the end of ... a one-week stand ... I had had enough. Ryan's comment, his self-sacrifice—he was too much for me! The winner out of *Consequential*, whatever the equalities, will be Pierre. Margaret's sin, in the end, is that the intrigue of her juvenile batherings may prove to have given lucky Pierre a lifeless feminism as his legacy.

We do not deserve Margaret for her



week in bed with Ryan O'Neal. She has sold us a snuff who brought us back. But is she bad and twist me that I was the only person she had met, aside from Ryan, who, never, ever, wanted to get up? Conforming to that her home is a still-married lady who has suffered her sexual frustrations to the level of panting down to the corner store for a loaf of bread.

The coy lines about *Second House* Kennedy ("as soon I intend to leave") by now are tiresome. Christopher Reeve, alas, *Superman*? The Texan cowboy with the burns? The Pillbury Doughboy? Who cares anymore? There was a young man walking down Vancouver's Granville Street last week proudly wearing a T-shirt that boasted that no, he was not one of the men in North America who had serviced Margaret Trudeau but, yes, he had supplied her with cocaine. Where does life end and satire begin? Only in the head of Bob and Doug McKenzie.

We do not deserve Margaret for her



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